

STILL LEADING. £31,440 THIS WEEK

PEARSON'S

— £2,000 —
Free Insurance.

WEEKLY

EVERY ENTRY RECEIVED IS
CAREFULLY SCRUTINISED BY
THE ADJUDICATORS.

A SINGLE ENTRY RECEIVES
THE SAME CONSIDERATION
AS THOSE ACCOMPANIED BY
OTHERS.

No. 902.]

POSTAGE,
ONE PENNY.

REGISTERED FOR
TRANSMISSION TO CANADA.

WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 31, 1907.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS HALL.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

What people say about

HOLBROOK'S

SAUCE

"Get strong in appetite by using a liberal supply."

No Better Food."

Dr. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., etc.

Fry's

PURE
CONCENTRATED

Cocoa

"I have never tasted Cocoa that I like so well."

—Sir CHAS. CAMERON, C.B., M.D.,

Ex-President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland.

The Housewife's Friend.

VASELINE

The Everyday Need.

SIX USEFUL TRIAL SAMPLES, POST FREE, 6d.

"VASELINE" is the base of so many preparations for which there is an everyday use. The Trial Sample Set of Six Preparations is intended to introduce you to the many merits of "VASELINE." The Chesebrough "VASELINE" Preparations are sold by all Chemists.

For giving beautiful complexions—for renewing the hair and preventing it falling—for healing all skin troubles—for relieving Rheumatism and Neuralgia—there is a Vaseline preparation for all these and much more—for details see booklet.

SAMPLE BOXES CONTAIN SIX ARTICLES:—

- | | |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1 Tube White "Vaseline." | 1 Tin Pure "Vaseline." |
| 1 Tube Capsicum "Vaseline." | 1 Tin "Vaseline" Cold Cream. |
| 1 Tube Pomade "Vaseline." | 1 Tin "Vaseline" Camphor Ice. |

Send 6d. in Stamps (3d. stamps preferred) to the

CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING CO.,
Proprietors of "Vaseline."

42 HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.,
And one will be forwarded post free.

The Greatest Soap Value in the World!

WATSON'S MATCHLESS CLEANSER

is guaranteed to be made from only the finest and purest materials obtainable. No alteration in quality—no reduction in weight—every tablet manufactured full weight (16 ounces to the pound).

REDUCED TO
3 D.
FULL-POUND TABLETS.

IMPORTANT—Don't buy "odd-weight" soaps made in small size tablets (11 to 12 ozs.) for 2½d. (or 13 to 14 ozs. for 3d.) when you can buy Watson's Matchless Cleanser, manufactured only in full 16 oz. tablets and now sold everywhere at 3d. Compare size, price, and quality.

There is no soap value in the whole world to equal a 3d. tablet of Watson's Matchless Cleanser. Money returned to any customer finding cause for complaint.

JOSEPH WATSON & SONS, LTD., Whitehall Soap Works, Leeds.

Just . . .
Published.

**NOW
TO KEEP
HOUSE
ON £200
A YEAR.**

By Mrs. FRAGA,
Author of
"Dinners of the
Day," etc.

Cloth, Price 1s.;
Post Free, 1s. 2d.

"A book no
young house-
keeper should be
without."—Queen.

ON SALE at all
Railway Book-
stalls, Book-
sellers; or it
may be had POST
FREE for 1s. 2d.
from
**G. ARTHUR
PEARSON,
LTD.,
17 Henrietta St.,
LONDON, W.C.**

JU-VIS

Ju-Vis is an absolutely pure and wholesome article made from Extract of Meat, with valuable vegetable additions. Simply add boiling water. Sold in 1d., 3½d., and 10d. sizes. A penny Tablet makes a Breakfast Cup of delicious

BEEF TEA

with valuable nutritive vegetable additions.
Also Sold in Fluid Form, 2oz. bottles, 6d.; 4oz., 11d.; 8oz., 1/3.

JU-VIS

ROBINSON & CLEAVER LTD., BELFAST

CAMBRIC **IRISH**
Direct from the Manufacturers. Samples and Price Lists Post Free. N.B.—All Letter Orders & inquiries for Samples should be sent to 35a Donegal Place, Belfast.

POCKET **HANDKERCHIEFS** **COLLARS, CUFFS, AND SHIRTS.**

Since others like them—Why not you?
No others like them—So try the true

RAT-A-CAKE

BISCUITS

They're Peek Freans—a guarantee of purity

HEADACHE Cured in Ten Minutes
One Kaputine cures in ten minutes the most violent Headache or Neuralgia. We want to prove this safe and reliable medicine to every sufferer, and in order to do so will send you two free sample doses of Kaputine by return post. Write to C. H. KAPUTINE, Kaputine Works, Warrington.
Kaputine is sold by Chemists and Stores Everywhere. Packets of 12 doses 1s. Samples, 1d.

DAILY EXPRESS
ONE HALFPENNY.

TIRED MEN
When you are tired of taking mysterious remedies, write to me and I will send you a bottle of Electric Bells, which will cure you of all your troubles. Cured of NERVOUSNESS, EXHAUSTION, VARIATION, and all other ailments. Without STOMACH MEDICINE or ELECTRICITY. BOTTLES sent sealed, post free, for Two Stamps. Mention this paper.
A. J. LEECH, 22 and 23 Great Russell St., LONDON, W.C. Over 30 years.

LIMERICK COMPETITIONS.

Hundreds of disappointed competitors are of the opinion that Limerick Competitions are a swindle. This is because they don't know how to write lines good enough to catch the judge's eye. "THE LIMERICK COMPETITOR'S COMPANION" tells you how to write successful lines. Over £20,000 has already been won by users of this little book. It contains a complete dictionary of Limerick Rhyming words, a list of puns, specially arranged, a list of words with several meanings, and a budget of information useful to all competitors. T. Gordon, Esq., Dalbeattie, N.B., won £150, and says the words with double meanings, and matter other than the ordinary rhymes you have included, make it much more valuable than the ordinary rhymers. A. Burrow, Esq., Eaton Lodge, Malvern, and W. Booth, Esq., Blackpool, each won £150, and say the book is invaluable, and should be in the hands of every competitor. F. Coghlan, Esq., Limerick, a £50 winner, says it is an invaluable aid to all competitors, and that a great deal of labour, care, and research must have been devoted to its compilation. "THE LIMERICK COMPETITOR'S COMPANION" tells you how to write successful lines. A sixpenny postal order and a penny stamp for postage buys it from P. KEYLOCK, 23 Clumber St., Hull.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS

are inserted under this heading at the rate of 2s. per line of 7 words or part thereof. Every Advertisement must be prepaid. All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "Pearson's Weekly," 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Advertisements must be received by Tuesday morning for the following week's issue.

OLD ARTIFICIAL TEETH BOUGHT: call or forward by post; full value per return, or offer made. — Messrs. BROWNING, Manufacturing Dentists, 10 Oxford St., Opp. Rathbone Place, London (Estab. 1870).

PHOTO POST-CARDS of yourself, 1/1 dozen. Catalogue and Samples Free. — Hackett, 7, 10, 11, Liverpool, E.

LADIES' High-class, Second-hand CLOTHING. Catalogue sent. — Madame Dupont, 26 Stoke Newington Road, London, N.

BLANCHARD'S PILLS of Apsol and Steel supersede plicochia, bitter apple, pennyroyal, etc., and thousands of grateful letters have been received testifying to their efficacy. Recommended by eminent physicians. 1/6 per box, post free, from Leslie Martyn Ltd., Chemists, 24 Dalston Lane, London.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH BOUGHT: — We strongly advise everyone to send to us any Artificial Teeth they may have for disposal. We make most liberal offers, and are the largest firm of Dental Merchants in the World. — E. D. & J. B. Fraser Ltd., (Bank St.), Princes Street, Ipswich. Established 1851. References, Capital & Counties Bank, Ipswich.

BUT CROCKERY DIRECT: — Every china and crockery requisite at factory prices. Tea, dinner, and toilet sets from 2s. Wedding presents and home furnishings, outside, 10s to 40s. Famous guinea package, a splendid set—breakfast, dinner, tea, toilet, packed complete, 21s. Catalogue Free. — Century Pottery Co. (Dept. B), Barnham, Suffolk.

ASTROLOGY: — Reliable horoscope of education, marriage, and business. — Send birth date, 1/-, and stamped envelope to Madame. Stella, Cleland, Sunderland. Your future given with above horoscope.

STYLISH SUIT LENGTHS 10s to 25/- or smart suits to measure, 25s to 51/-, Splendid value. Latest selection. Patterns free. — Groves & Laidley, Manufacturers, Dept. 5, Rotherhithe.

LIGHTNING FIRELIGHTERS: light quickest, burn longest, cheap; wonderful, 1d. packets; all dealers. — Gill's, Hackney, London.

PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS: — Shopkeepers and others wanted to take orders. Free samples, big discount, no risk. — Leopold Printing Co., 35 Lime Street, Liverpool.

SCOTCH TWEED CO. Hawick, Scotland. — Suits, Costume Cloths, Overcoats, etc. Patterns and parcels paid.

CONFESSING SECRETS: — Last 1d. — E. Otto, Dresden House, North Finchley, London.

NEURALGIA & NEURALGIA: — No cure, no pay! — Write Barlow's Tis Foudre Depot, Barnard Castle.

25 CATINETS 10s. — Send photo. — Francis & Co., 25 Langdale Hill, London.

CATARHUS CURED: — If you suffer from CATARRH, CATARRH, DEAFNESS, MAY BE, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, or any affection of the air passages of the head, send us for our remedy, and after 14 days' trial you are not satisfied, return it to us, when we will refund the 10s to full. Booklet free. — Corone Medicated Co. (Dept. 21), 100 High Holborn, London, W.C.

YAGNER should send 1d. stamp for Free Sample of Fowler's Popular Pills for Ladies, the most effective remedy ever discovered. — W. P. Fowler Remedy Co., Ropleingham Road, Wandsworth, London, S.W.

"HOW TO WIN FREE COMPETITIONS," 56 pages (copyright), 1/- — Hughes, 108 Michaels, Shrewsbury.

STRENGTH: How Lost; How Regained. — Interesting and instructive remarks to young and middle-aged men on "How to Preserve Strength, Create Vitality, and Increase Nerve Stamina." A brief treatise on Nervous Exhaustion, Loss of Strength, Poverty of Nerve Force and Debility in Men. — Sent sealed on receipt of a penny stamp by Charles Gordon, 8 Gordonholme Dispensary, Bradford, Yorkshire.

PICTURE POST-CARDS: — Splendid selection. Samples and list, 2d. — Stevenson & Co., 25 Park Road, Forest Hill, E.

GRAMOPHONE RECORDS: — Finest collection. 2500 stocked. Every Record guaranteed new. Easy terms. Old Records exchanged. — D'Almeida's 21 Finsbury Pavement, London.

BOOKS FOR MEN AND WOMEN: — Issued by The Vir Publishing Co., 10 Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Circus, London. Send for catalogue.

FREE: — Thirty assorted samples of the famous Bob Roy Pens, 2d., post free. — M. Minks, Wells & Co., Birmingham.

GROCERY AT WHOLESALE PRICES: — Dates, Tea, and Toilet Sets, from 2s. Art catalogue free. — Teapot Manuf. Co. (L), Hanley, Staffs.

VARIOSOLE: — Every man suffering from Varicose, and consequent nervous troubles, should send for illustrated Treatise giving full particulars and testimonials showing successful cures. Sent sealed, post free. — The Harston Co., 55 Chancery Lane, London. Established 40 years.

AGENTS: Private Inns Cards; large commission; best selection; book free. — Lettice, Howell, Publishers, Clepton.

CHINA: — Seconds, 1/-; Earthenware, from 6d. doz. Write for lists. — Arthur Hall, Longton, Staffs.

LIMERICKS: — Every competitor must get a copy of "The Limerick Rhymer." THE BOOK THAT WINSERS USE. It contains 1,000 rhyming words and hints to competitors. Absolutely necessary if you want to win James H. W. Hay, Q.M.S. Seaforth Highlanders, writes: "Having during the past month won prizes in Limerick Competitions to the value of 24s, I have much pleasure in testifying to the valuable assistance your LIMERICK RHYMER has given me, and I can strongly recommend it to those who wish to profit by this popular pastime of Limericking." Also recommended by many other winners of prizes from £20 to £71. Send at once. Post free, 1/- — Ashford Publishing Co., 6, Grove Villas, Feltham Hill Road, Ashford, Middlesex.

TOILET: — Catalogue free. — Mason, 25 Crawshaw, Brighton.

DON'T BUY GROCERY UNTIL you have seen our new illustrated Free Catalogue. Bargains never before equalled in the china trade. Sets and Toilets, from 2/-; Dinner Sets, from 4s. Bazaar a Specialty. Bazaar for all purposes. — Royal Crown Pottery (Dept. 6), Tunstall, Staffs.

FOUNDERS OF SOAP SAVED by using Fox-Fox. Free sample on sending old man's name. — Fox-Fox (Dept. M), Delving Road, Fulham.

CHARACTER AND DESTINY REVEALED: — Take an impression (ink on paper) of your right thumb, and forward same with birth date, and 1/- for horoscope, to Sister, 3 St. George's Terrace, Jesmond, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

BILLIARD TABLE: 6ft. Portable, equal to any in the world. Bargain 23 5s., also another. — Cooper, 751 Old Kent Road, London.

LADIES' CAUTION'S APIOL AND STEEL PILLS are, without doubt, the best remedy ever offered for female irregularities and obstructions. The numerous testimonials received testify to their merits. They are strong, safe, sure, and speedy. Price, 1/3 and 2/6; extra strong 4/6. Sample wrapper, 10s (trouble quantity), 50s. Direct only from the I.L.S. Co., Dept. W, 145 Stockwell Road, London.

WOMEN'S REAL SCOTCH WOOL: the original and best. From 1/- per yard. White or coloured. Soft, dainty, durable, unshrinkable, better than flannel. Patterns post free. — Sole Agents, Green-mith & Downes, Edinburgh.

THE I.L.S. GOLDEN COMPOUND TABLETS are of priceless value to all ladies. They afford relief in every instance—frequently in a few hours. Each box 4/6, 4/6, prepared with drugs worth their weight in gold, they are far superior to Bitter Apple, Steel, and Pennyroyal, &c., and all similar preparations. Prices post free in plain wrapper, 10s (trouble quantity), 50s. Direct only from the I.L.S. Co., Dept. W, 145 Stockwell Road, London.

MERIDIAN NEEDS EVERYTHING: China, Glass, Wood, Leather, Rubber, etc. Sold everywhere in tubes, 2d., 4d., and 6d. — Meridian, Ltd., Tooley Street, London, E.

REMYANT NEEDLES: Genuine Dunfermline Linen, Danish Tabacoth Longhairs, etc. 4/-; carriage paid; 3 for 2s. — Meridian, Ltd., Tooley Street, London, E.

LADIES should send 1d. stamp for Free Sample of BLANCHARD'S PILLS for LADIES, the most effective remedy ever compounded. — Leslie Martyn Ltd., Chemists, 24 Dalston Lane, London.

SLOAN-DUPUYON SHORTEHAND saves a year's study and produces highest speed. Interesting booklet free. — Sloan-Dupuyon Association, Ramsgate.

WONDERFUL NOVELTY: Cigar lighter 1/-; electric novelty. Illustrations free. — Wright, 28 Wormald Row, Leeds.

LADIES should send two stamps for Booklet, containing particulars of our famous Herbal Remedies. — Northern Remedy Co., Chemists, 181 Seven Sisters Road, Holloway, London.

FURS FOR DISPOSAL: — Real Bargains. Elegant 8ft. long rich Sable Brown Russian Fur Stole or Throwover, handsomely trimmed with fox tails, heads, and large Grizzly Bear to match; cost £145, worth 40/-! Approval willingly. — Lombard, 201 Abchurch Lane, London.

PRIVATE THIRTY CARDS with your greeting, name, address, monogram, tastefully printed, from 2/- doz. Write now for fashionable specimens from P. Keylock, 23 Clumber St., Hull.

RECYCLES: — Newest Patterns in all Brass, Black and Brass, and Wood. Bedding, Wire Mattresses, Cots, Chair Beds, etc., etc. Furniture—Bedroom and General. All goods sent direct from factory to home, saving middle profits. Full price lists post free. Established 1858. — Charles Riley, Dept. No. 2, Moor Street, Birmingham.

FOREIGN STAMPS FREE: — 100 different to responsible collectors, sending 1d. for postage. Mention 21st 22. — Bright & Son, 12 Strand, W.C.

"LIMERICKS," How to Solve Limericks. — A great prize-winner. Book, 1d. Post Free. — Coley Park View, Rowlands Gill, Durham.

PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS: from 1/- dozen. Specimens free. Watkins, Upper St., Tellington.

A HOST OF APPLICATIONS

The host of applications received by H. Samuel.

GREAT FREE PRIZE

AN FREE PRIZE

It demonstrates a public interest never before shown in a business organisation, and proves that thousands are eager to profit by close contact with the factory and its consequent saving—nearly one-half.

THE BOOK CANNOT FAIL TO INTEREST YOU.

It is crowded with suggestions in Watches, Rings, Diamond Jewellery, Electro-plating, Silver, &c.—articles selected from the best and brings buyers so close to the fountain head of production as to knock off retail profits and save half the usual cost.

THE A.C.M. Silver 25/- with 25/- of Gold of Solid of Silver. — "Could it be better? It is a masterpiece of art."

Free Trial is Allowed; and if you spend 4/- more you receive an extra Free 25/- of Silver. — Remember, the book does not cost you a penny piece. Send 1/- for a copy.

H. SAMUEL, 10, Abchurch Lane, London, E.

All Communications respecting Advertisements should be sent to the Advertisement Department, "PEARSON'S WEEKLY" Offices, HENRIETTA STREET, 17

**FRESH RECORD
EVERY WEEK.**

20 WINNERS HAVE EACH RECEIVED OVER £200.
80 WINNERS HAVE EACH RECEIVED OVER £150.
130 WINNERS HAVE EACH RECEIVED OVER £100.

**EVERY ENTRY
IS
CAREFULLY SCRUTINISED.**

**EVERY ENTRY
IS
IMPARTIALLY CONSIDERED.**

**EVERY ENTRY
IS
JUDGED ON ITS MERITS.**

Our Limerick aggregate continues rapidly to increase. This week our total prize money is now more than £31,440, which is far in advance of that distributed by any other paper. Nor has this sum gone to a favoured few. Complete lists of winners and recipients of consolation gifts appear each week in our columns, and this fact in itself has been abundant proof of the just and impartial manner in which our competitions are conducted.

In connection with our aggregate I should like to point out that twenty winners have each received over £200, cheques for over £150 each have been sent to eighty competitors; while no fewer than one hundred and thirty have each been awarded over £100. These figures speak for themselves and should be an inducement to you to compete. What others have won, so may you.

Compared with previous contests the amount available for distribution this week again shows a gratifying increase. The exact sum is **\$2282 17s. 6d.**, of which **\$1711 17s. 6d.** has been equally divided among the ten competitors whose attempts have been considered the best and most original, so that each receives **\$171 3s. 9d.**

The amount distributed as consolation gifts among those competitors whose efforts show merit, is \$571, and the names and addresses of the recipients appear below.

The unfinished limerick was as follows:

Said Tommy, the office boy: "Why,
If railwaymen strike, shouldn't I?"
So he tried it one day,
But I'm sorry to say,

The attempts finally selected by Mr. G. B. Burgin, together with the names and addresses of the winners, are as follows:

Mr. T. J. Hill, 17 Manor Grove, Old Kent Rd, Peckham.
He's sick of "I beg to apply."

Mrs. W. H. Bowyer, 18 Ryehill Gardens, Leith, N.B.
His new "crib" has a nurse standing by.

Mr. H. V. Davis, 34 Chestnut Rd., Moseley, Birmingham.
From "Boots" to "cash chemists" did he.

Mr. H. George, 2 The Avenue, Acre Lane, Brixton.
His troubles behind him all lie.

Mr. H. A. Moulden, 9 Royal Exchange, London, E.C.
He home for "redress" had to fly.

Mr. E. M. Bloom, 18 Curzon St., Newington, Hull.
"Early closing" he got, for one eye.

Mr. L. E. Mitchell, 88 Ospringe Rd., Faversham.
Now he's fed at the "Union," not by.

Mr. P. Venn, Grange Avenue, Beeston, Notts.
He was nimble, and dodged the reply.

Mr. A. Harris, 102 Broughton Lane, Broughton,
Manchester.

What he got for his pains, he'd to buy.

Miss C. Brown, 9 Woodlands, Langside, Glasgow.
It's a "standing" joke now—he can't lie.



Stood a gallant policeman named Bright.

THIS WEEK'S CONTEST

Below you will find the first for lines of this week's limerick. We leave you to fill in the blank line to the best of your ability. When you have done, this fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entry form, attach to it a postal order for sixpence, and place it in an envelope addressed to the EDITOR, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Mark your envelope "Police", in the top left-hand corner. All attempts must arrive on or before Thursday, October 31st.

Everyone who enters must compete on the form below, and send a postal order for 6d. with it. The P.O. should be made payable to Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., and should be crossed "& Co." All attempts must be forwarded on the printed entry forms or they will be disqualified.

Of the amount received (after deducting ten per cent.) three-fourths will be divided amongst the senders of the ten lines which are considered to be the best by the adjudicators, by whom originality of idea will be taken into consideration. If there are more senders than one of a line thus selected by the adjudicators, a tenth part of this three-fourths will be divided amongst all such senders. The remaining one-fourth will be awarded in consolation gifts amongst those competitors whose efforts show merit.

The ten winning attempts will be selected by

Mr. G. B. BURGIN and the **EDITOR** of "**P.W.**," who will be assisted by a committee of competent judges. The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, and telegrams will be ignored.

ENTRY FORM. **LIMERICK No. 23.**

In the Strand on a dark, misty night
 Stood a gallant policeman named Bright,
 When there came through the fog
 A loud cry of "Mad dog!"

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly" and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the conditions printed above.

Name

Address

LIST OF 571 WINNERS OF £1 CONSOLATION GIFTS.

Adam, Miss J., Lawson House, Gray.
Albert, J., 1 Salisbury St., Bedford.
Aldine, W. C., 3 Crawford St., Patick.
Allison, Mrs. J., Woodlands, Tot., Dartington.
Alley, A., 234 Mary Vale Rd., Bourneville, B'ham.
Allisbrook, H., The Barracks, Derby.
Ambrose, Mrs. M., Manor House, Swa. Ham Prior.
Ambrose, Dr. A., Parker, Oswestry, Capham Com.
Anderson, A., 100 St. Peter's, Folkestone, G.S.
Anthony, J., 1st York Rd., Hury St. Edmunds.
Arcliffe, W., 1 Crown St., Leith, N.J.
Archer, W., 4 Hill Side St., Leeds.
Atkins, E., 123 Jarrom St., Leicester.
Atkinson, F., 13 Truro Rd., Wood Green.
Axtell, F., Laurel St., Rochester.
Bail, W. G., 100 Leam. Burg, C. St. Midd.burg, Holland.
Baines, H., 2a Chapel Lane, Spalding.
Baker, F., 1 Vernon Rd., Luton.
Baker, H., 16 Constitution Hill, B'ham.
Bales, J., 18 Roman Rd., Colchester.
Banks, E., Moleworth St., Woodbridge, Corn.
Barber, J., Upson, Rusham, S.O., Warwicks.
Barclay, Mrs. F., 11 Rosebery St., Aberd. en.
Barnes, A. J., Medical Hall, Harcourt Rd., Dublin.
Barnes, F. B., Clifford Ho., Llanrha. Pembrok. Dock.
Barnes, J., Llanrha. Regia. Mon.
Barnes, C. B., 1 King's Rd., Llanrha. er.
Barr, Mr. G. C., 10 Leam. Burg, Coventry.
Bartholomew, W. F., "Bradwell," Eastbourne.
Bartlett, A. H., King's Villas, Calne, Wilt.
Bartley, Miss E., 60 Paddington St., Baker St., W.
Barton, C., 23 Wood St., Woolwich.
Bartley, J., 2 Orchard St., Kingston.
Betta, Mrs. 189, 60 Leam. Burg, Coventry.
Betta, A. C., 30 St. Andrew's Rd., St. Newington.
Betta, Lieut. E. A., E.N. Barracks, Chatham.
Birbeck, W. W., 23 St. Olaves Rd., York.
Birch, S. J., 11 Parrock St., Gravesend.
Birch, E. H., 25 Briardale Rd., Liverpool.
Black, E. H., 2 Victoria St., Bury, Manchester.
Blackwood, A., 1 Oakley Place, The Lough, Cork.
Blackwood, T. M., The Academy, Kilmarnock.
Bennett, O. S., Woodleigh, Fleet, Hants.
Bewell, M., 48 Dyne Rd., Bromsbury.
Bowie, F. E., 11, All Saints, Maidenhead.
Bown, H., Rose Cottage, Slough, Berks, Bristol.
Boyd, E. G., 100 Leam. Burg, Coventry.
Boywater, G. W., 100 Leam. Burg, Coventry.

Brady, J. S. 34 Melbourne St., Stockton-on-Tees.
Brain, Rev. W. C. Chaplain's Ho., H.M. Prison, Hull.
Bramhall, J. H. Pembroke College, Cambridge.
Braxington, Nurse, 150 Fonthill Rd., Liverpool.
Brayshaw, Miss E., 35 Bonny St., Blackpool.
Brayshaw, P. Sign Works, North Larch, Leeds.
Brazil, E. J. 4 Rowan Rd., Harrogate.
Brenner, D. S. 10 St. George's St., Aberdeen.
Brice, Rev. W. 35 Maudie Rd., Brockley.
Brimacombe, G. A. 19 Dredon Rd., Harnsey Lane.
Brooks, Mrs. J. 19 Allen St., Hercules Rd., Lambeth.
Brooks, Mrs. W. 24 St. George's St., Harnsey Lane.
Droomefield, F. 51 Athol St., Harnsey Lane.
Browett, F. T. 10 Northdown's Close, N.wich.
Brown, A. 60 Kenneth St., Stornoway, N.B.
Brown, A. 60 Bank St., Galashiels.
Brown, Miss K. 2 Oakleigh Rd., Whetstone.
Brown, J. 26 St. John's St., Prestwick.
Brown, S. Ambrose St., Derby.
Brown, W. High St., Cardiff.
Burch, G. Belmont House, Winchmore Hill.
Burch, Miss L. N. Fore St., Chard, Som.
Burkett, H. 50 Thompson Rd., Sheffield.
Busser, Mrs. E. 29 Versailles Rd., Anerley.
Butler, E. 297 Upper Richmond Rd., Putney.
Butler, J. W. 25 Fawcett St., Charing Cross, W.C.
Butler, F. W. 33 Wiverton Rd., Sydenham.
Butler, Mrs. E. 99 Ropleingham Rd., Southfields.
Byford, L. St. Botolphs, Colchester.
Byles, G. E. 30 Wolverton Gdns., Hammersmith.
Caldwell, Mrs. A. Hollywood, Glasgow.
Callaghan, Dr. J. L. T. 100, Coventry.
Campbell, J. 1 Arthur St., Belfast.
Cantrell, W. E. 23 Palmerton Rd., Bham.
Cantrell, Miss M. 3 Homer Tce., Exton, Derbyshire.
Cardew, Capt. P. A. Ripley House, Dover.
Carpenter, Lieut. A. F. 8 The House, Croydon.
Carroll, W. 48 Cheshill Rd., Cardiff.
Caton, Miss K. Town St., Thaxted, Essex.
Chadwick, E. 1 Blenheim Tce., Dewsbury.
Chambers, F. G. Shelton Wharf, Stoke-on-Trent.
Chamberlain, F. Holmes' Steel and Foundry Co., n.
Rotherham.
Chapman, E. W. H. 324 Barking Rd., Plaiatov.
Chapman, Miss A. Tristia, Couladon.
Chapman, Mrs. High St., Sawton, Camba.
Clanton, J. E. 23 Crombridge Rd., So. Hackney.

Clapton, G., 48 Chesham Road, N. Kensington.
Clarke, J., Castledown, co. Londonderry.
Clark, H., 10 Valley Parade, Bradford.
Clarke, E. J., Hope St., Pontardulais, Glam.
Clarke, Miss M. E., 14 St. Peter Rd., Birmingham.
Clarke, Mrs. R., 15 Orion Rd., Weymouth.
Clarke, Miss V., 181 Easton Rd., Walsley, near
Co. H. G., 343 Bury New Rd., H. Broughton, M'ar.
Cohen, A., 118 Roman Rd., Bow, E.
Cole, P., 5 Elmira Ave., Southend.
Cole, H., Forches, Cottage, Crediton, Devon.
Coles, W. R., Standlake, Witney, Oxon.
Collier, J., 74 Bury Road, Lanc.
Collier, J. W., Low Fold, Gilested, Bingley.
Collins, W. E., Eastcote, Teyford, Berks.
Comrie, W., Eglinton Rd., Ardrossan.
 Cooke, E. J., 41 Hillary St., Walsall.
 Cooke, H. O., 108 London Rd., Portsmouth.
 Cooper, C., 15 St. Mark's Rd., Llanded.
 Cooper, C., 304 High St., Bromwich.
 Corbett, W., 21 Queen's Rd., Aston, Birmingham.
 Couchman, D., 22 Raglan Rd., Bromley, K. nt.
 Coupland, J., 23 King Edward Rd., Moseley, Birmingham.
 Cowan, Mrs. W., 126 Ingleby Drive, Glasgow.
 Craig, R. L., 46 Murray Terrace.
 Craig, J. At., 21 Ind St., Edinburgh.
 Crautoun, W., G.N.R., Manchester.
 Crawford, Mrs. H., 10 Albany St., Kelvinside, Glas.
 Crick, Miss A., care of Miss Pant, Weston Stafford.
 Cunningham, J., Herts Co. Asym, St. Albans.
 Dale, Sydney, 9 Neston Ave. Warrington, Manchester.
 Darby, J., New St., Bill End, Birml'gham.
 Davy, G., Etonville, Westcliff-on-Sea.
 Dart, H. G., Bedford Arms Hotel, Pont St.
 Davidson, Mrs. T., 301 High St., Perth, N.B.
 Davis, Mr., 3 Bk. 400 Victoria Rd., Aston B'ham.
 Davis, E., 31 Junction Rd., Eastbourne.
 Davidson, O. F., 92 Dalwood St., Edinburgh.
 Dawson, J., High St., Gillingham.
 Deans, Miss M., Buckfast, Buckfastleigh, S. Devon.
 Dickinson, T., Benbridge, Ireland.
 Diggle, R., 10 Grundy St., Radcliffe, Manchester.
 Dixon, J., 154 Bucknall St., Hull.
 Doig, Miss E., 11 St. Peter's St., Crosshill, Glas.
 Dodd, 10 Dean Norton Place, Edinburgh.
 Donald, H. W., 66 Bethune Rd. N.
 Dondner, G. H., St. Lawrence, Wainfleet.

Dowie, H., Daldougen's Hospital School, Edinburgh.
Dowling, F. W., 1 Lansdowne Tce., Anley.
Druett, W. J., Vanvert Villa, N. Finchley.
Dudley, A. T., 35 Phillip St., Mountain Ash.
Durkin, G., 8 Chaplin St., Highfield, Southampton.
Dyball, R., 8 Canaan Ter Tce., Gurney.
Earl, Mrs. K., "Woodland," Worthing.
Eaves, F., 67 Church St., Lancaster.
Edgcombe, Sir E., Newquay, Cornwall.
Elliott, J., 56 Wood St., E.O.
Elliott, S., Cheltenham.
Elmore, Miss, 33 Grosvenor Rd., Stratham.
Eltringham, H., Eastgarth, South Shields.
English, B., Whitthorpe, Acle, Norfolk.
Evans, E., 11 Hickman Rd., Penarth.
Evans, E., Mawson, 4, Kenning, Glam.
Evans, F., 14 South Rd., Handsworth, Birmingham.
Evans, G. M., 7 Wilton St., Liscard.
Falconer, S., 3 South St., Darwen.
Fay, G. W., 176 Goldhurst Tce., W. Hampstead.
Fergus, F., 22 Victoria St., Downanhill, Glas.
Ferguson, E. W., 41 Walton Pl., Glasgow.
Ferguson, S. D., The Cottage, Brimadown, Middlesex.
Ferrier, L. E., 3 Inner St., Inverness.
Fingland, L., Church St., Carmarthen.
Fisher, F. A., 184 Sloane St., Knightsbridge.
Fitch, Bartholomew, 10, Glasgow, Ireland.
Flatman, B., 14 Berkley Tce., Newbury.
Flechal, A. F., 26 Sefkord St., Clerkenwell.
Ford, F. W., 153 Lowden Rd., Herne Hill.
Forbes, H., 13 Gambier Tce., Liverpool.
Ford, Mrs. C., 87, Victoria Tce., Glasgow.
Forgan, Miss M., 3 Warriston Cres., Edinburgh.
Foskett, E., 35 Forest Drive W., Leytonstone.
Fox, H., Coldmore, Walsall.
Frampton, Mrs., 129 Marsall Rd., Lewisham.
Francis, J. W., 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, Scotland, Glasgow.
Francis, Miss M., 46 Pier Rd., Erith.
Furze, F. (Jr.), The Coppice, Beckenham, Kent.
Gallimore, E., Cornstional Club, Northumberland Ave.
Gardner, R., St. Andrew's Hospital, Northampton.
Gault, H. E., 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, Scotland, Glasgow.
Gay, Miss H. E., Kensington Pl., Bristol.
Gaye, Rev. R. E., Shington Rectory, Norwich.

(Continued on page 3 of cover.)

35 Years in Epping Forest.

By "PIPEY," the Forest Hermit.

[EVERYBODY who has visited High Beach and Dick Turpin's Cave knows "Pipey," the old man with the bright eyes of youth, who for thirty-five years has haunted the Forest by day and night, seeking for the rushes out of which he manufactures the ornamental pipes he sells for a living.]

I am the last left alive of the "Forest Hermits," as they used to call us. Charlie Fowler died

recently, as you are probably aware, after living in his hut of boughs in Monk Wood for exactly a quarter of a century, and all that now remains to perpetuate his memory is his portrait—and a very good portrait it is—in the saloon bar of the "Wake Arms."

They dubbed him the hermit of the Forest, though for the life of me I could never see why. He had not lived in it, and by it, nearly so long as many others, including myself. Why, I remember him coming here, and I helped him build his first shelter.

They said he died of exposure. Well—maybe! But if so it took twenty-five years to kill him. And I have had thirty-five years of it, and I am not dead yet.

How old am I? Seventy-one last February, and I spent my birthday in the Forest, with a roasted hedgehog for my dinner and myself for company. When I went to sleep at night I was cold, but when I woke up in the morning I was warm. That was because it had been snowing all night, and I was covered with a snow blanket. Warmest thing out is snow, if you lie quite still and let it cover you completely.

BURIED IN SNOW FOR TWO DAYS.

I remember that once I was buried under three feet of it. That was in January, 1898, if I remember rightly. The cold outside was intense, and I lay snuggled under it for two days and nights. On the morning of the third day a stag broke through the crust and fell on top of me, and I was so angry at his intrusion, and the blast of icy air that followed, that I hit him on the head with a stick, and very nearly got myself into trouble with the keepers over it.

Not that the keepers were ever really what you may call harsh with us. They knew we only trapped for food, and we always respected the close seasons.

What did we trap? Rabbits, with an occasional hare, and now and then a pheasant or partridge. But these latter did not often come our way, and when they did they were usually birds reared in neighbouring plantations that visited the wood for acorns in the autumn; the genuine, wild-bred, Forest birds were too wary for us.

We mostly used snares that we made ourselves out of the wire taken from old gingerbeer and lemonade bottles. These we used to set at dusk across the runs and "smoots" on the good old poachers' principle of "two fists high for a hare and one for a rabbit," and they nearly always killed. Now and again, too, we used a ferret, and on such occasions I have seen a mound fairly explode with rabbits, pouring helter-skelter from their holes.

But this is all past and done with. At least, it is nearly done with. I don't think there is either the fur or the feather in the Forest to-day that there was in the old days.

Or it may be that to poach properly requires two or three working in harmony; while now I am left all alone. Anyhow, I know that whereas I once lived well all the year round on what I could catch and gather, I now find it hard to keep hunger at a distance.

FOUGHT WITH A WILD WOLF.

But, then, I have never resorted to real unsportsmanlike tricks, like some people I could name, who burn brimstone under the trees where pheasants are roosting, and so stupefy them, or who feed the partridges with swollen grain steeped in alcohol, with a like result. The worst I ever did, and then only when I was very hungry, was to attract the curiosity of a bird by alternately lighting and extinguishing a candle-end.

My most exciting adventure? Well, I think it was when I was attacked by a wolf. You may stare, but it is quite true that there were wolves in the Forest up till within a comparatively short while back, and one was caught and shown in the "Zoo."

How they got here no one seems to know for certain, but the supposition is that someone must have turned loose a couple of cubs, male and female, and that their progeny lived and bred in the deep thickets.

Anyhow, one went for me one winter's night in 1883, when I was camping out in Epping Thicks, and would doubtless have done for me had I not been quick with my hands and agile on my feet.

A KING OF KIDNAPPERS.

THE "shanghai" Russian sailor Godart, who made so sensational an escape at Falmouth the other day from the vessel on board of which he had been illegally lured; was, it now transpires, the victim of one of the many agents of the notorious "Shanghai Johnson," of San Francisco.

This "King of the Kidnappers," as he has been not inaptly christened, is known and dreaded of all skippers trading to the Pacific ports. His influence extends from Alaska to Magellan Straits, and no vessel is safe from his machinations.

He has been known to steal entire crews, and on one occasion, as an act of revenge, he laid up the whole of the shipping of Mazatlan, an important Mexican port.

The principal boarding-house at San Francisco was a sort of cross between an up-to-date palace hotel and a mediæval Oriental harem. Here, before the earthquake levelled it to the ground, "Jack" was decoyed, and given the time of his life for a week or so.

His days were spent in carousing, his nights in revelry, until presently his turn came to be "signed on." Then a heavy dose of laudanum-loaded rum was given him, and next day he woke up to find himself at sea, with three months "advance wages" to be worked off.

But Johnson's pet enterprise was his "Seaman's Training College," as he grandiloquently called it. This was nothing more nor less than a factory for turning out bogus sailors. Old, broken-down tramps were lured to the "college," and there transformed in a few days into very good imitation seamen. That is to say, their hands were roughened with pumice-stone soaked in walnut juice, they were clothed in sailors' togs plentifully daubed with tar, and they were taught a smattering of salt-water lingo. But of everything pertaining to true seamanship they were, of course, totally ignorant.

Many a good ship has been lost, owing to her skipper having been palmed off with one of Shanghai Johnson's counterfeit crews.

"Ah, yes!" said Mr. Goldbags; "I got my start in life by clerking in a humble grocery store at a salary of twelve shillings a week, and managed to save money on that."

"But," replied the astute reporter, "that, of course, was before cash-registers were invented."

A LIGHT MATTER.

THE little bugler wore a proud smile as he turned out on guard for the first time.

"Have you learnt all the calls yet, my boy?" asked the officer encouragingly.

"Nearly all, sir."

"Do you know the sergeant's call?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know the assembly?"

"Yes, sir."

"And the fire alarm?"

"N—no, sir."

"H'm; well, now what would you sound if a fire should break out?"

The bugler thought.

"Er—er, 'Lights out,' I suppose," he stammered.

WHAT BIG ACCIDENTS COST RAILWAYS.

A REALLY big accident, such as that which occurred at Shrewsbury the other day, is a very serious matter financially for the company affected.

And this apart altogether from destruction of rolling stock and damage to permanent way. Indeed, this is usually a comparatively trifling matter. It is the claims for compensation from the injured and the relatives of the dead that tell up.

Nowadays, however, the companies, taught by past experience, settle these amicably, except in very rare cases. So that it is unlikely that any line will ever again suffer so great a loss over a single accident as was sustained by the L.B. and S.C. in 1869, when, for a collision at New Cross, £70,000 had to be disbursed as compensation to passengers, and that although only two fatalities resulted, while the legal expenses totalled up to another £10,000.

This constitutes a record, the next in order being the terrible Abergele accident in 1868, when thirty-three persons lost their lives and £50,000 was paid out by the London and North-Western Company.

At the other end of the scale comes the accident at Thorpe, near Norwich, in September, 1874, when twenty-six persons were killed, and about fifty injured, which, nevertheless, cost the company concerned barely £13,000. The smallness of the sum was said at the time to be due to the cuteness of the legal representatives of the line in hurrying to the spot and making prompt terms with claimants.

That this policy—now generally acted upon—is a sound one was proved pretty conclusively ten years later, when the G.E.R. elected to fight several claims brought against them for personal injuries sustained in the wreck of one of their expresses. The first plaintiff, a clergyman, was awarded £4,000. The next, an Army general named Brereton, got £6,500.

Then the company's solicitor intervened, and the remaining cases were withdrawn, to be settled privately out of court.

Great interest was aroused some months since by the statement that the winner of this year's Derby was trained in a backyard in the most simple manner possible. Usually, racehorses are most peculiar creatures, full of fads and fancies, and require the most cautious treatment owing to their whims and caprices. In the matter of diet, some of them have the most remarkable tastes.

The curious name of one famous racehorse, Semolina, was given to her when a young filly on account of the fact that, while she would not look at a dish of oats, she expressed the greatest partiality to a dish of semolina.

Sceptre had most peculiar tastes in this way, and they were tastes which were constantly changing. At one time Sceptre was passionately fond of peaches, then she would evince a desire for grapes, and later for pineapples. Afterwards the whole stable was turned topsy-turvy by the fact that she would not eat any food at all except celery tops; moreover, she would only eat these when given to her by a lad for whom she had a passionate regard.

The average racehorse is very fond of choice fruits, particularly pineapples, while ordinary apples are a favourite delicacy. Cherry Lass could usually be put in a good humour by being fed on mustard and cress. Pretty Polly was also fond of such food, especially watercress, while her sister Adula was quite an epicure where leeks and similar delicacies were concerned.

The fads of dieting do not end here, for, in addition to such delicacies, the blue-blooded horse is fond of sweets of all kinds. Very often an intractable horse will be put into a good humour by being given acid-drops.

PRETTY POLLY IN LOVE.

Worse remains to be told. The majority of racehorses are very partial to strong liquor, and there are some which cannot be trusted to reach the post unless they have been dosed with a portion of grog.

Racehorses are also very peculiar in their likes and dislikes for human beings and animals. At one time Sceptre would only be fed from the hands of a certain lad. Diamond Jubilee, also, was a perfect hound where meet men were concerned, and the only jockey who dare brave his anger was H. Jones, who could do pretty nearly what he liked with the horse.

This famous racehorse was passionately fond of another horse in the same stable, without which he could not be persuaded to go to the post. Upon several occasions another was tried, but with most unfortunate results; Diamond Jubilee fell into a fearful fury, and the horse had to be taken away to prevent serious consequences. Diamond Jubilee and his friend had the most intense regard for each other, and after the great horse had won a race his hack companion displayed as much pride and joy as though he had won the race himself.

In a similar way, Pretty Polly took a violent fancy to another animal, without which she would not go to sleep. When separated she would be greatly concerned, and it was necessary to take the pony to her side before she would recover her usual spirits. Sceptre had a similar liking for a pony friend, from which she was inseparable.

BLACK CAT TO CURE TEMPER.

Sometimes a horse will evince a great liking for a donkey, from which it will be inseparable, and very often other animals are looked upon with equal affection. Thus, the mare Hackness had an inseparable dumb friend in the form of a black cat. The horse had a very violent temper; but when she was in the worst paroxysm of rage the cat would sit calmly on the floor close by, and the horse's flying hoofs would strike every portion except there.

Without the cat near her, she would reject the most tempting food, there being no possible method of causing her to eat. On one occasion this black cat was lost, and the mare obstinately refused to eat. When the animal was discovered, it was put in the racehorse's box. The cat jumped on the mare's back, crawled up her neck, and contentedly purring into her ear. At once the mare's temper vanished, and she enjoyed her meal.

Another horse was very ferocious except when he had won a big race, when his whole nature underwent a change for the time being.

Thus, after one of his great victories, while he was standing in the paddock, he allowed some working men to pull hairs from his tail without displaying the least temper. In order to get this horse to the post, it was usually necessary to give him a pint of whisky diluted with the same amount of water, when he would forget his temper.

Acid Drops for Racehorses



Curious Fancies of Stable Aristocrats.

"Truth is stranger than fiction." If you doubt this proverb have a look at the "Real Life Romances" in the ROYAL.

'FLURRED LIGHTS.'—NO. VII.

NEW SERIES.



The Great Impostor.

The Story of the Tichborne Claimant told
by DICK DONOVAN.

No more thrilling romance nor more sensational story can be found in the realms of fiction than the story of Thomas Castro, who will be known for all time as "The Claimant."

Stonyhurst is, as most people are aware, a great Jesuit college situated in Lancashire, and at this place, in the course of 1845, a young boy, bearing the honoured name of Roger Charles Tichborne, was entered as a student.

THE REAL ROGER GOES ABROAD.

When Sir Henry died, his brother James determined to fit his son to ultimately take his place as an English gentleman of title and fortune, hence his reason for removing him from Paris to Stonyhurst.

Roger's mother was an extraordinary woman. She had a violent temper; not only did she make her son's life miserable, but she quarrelled with all her relatives, and there was much bitterness between her and her husband, when the latter resolved that his son should be educated in England. The lad could hardly speak a word of English when he joined Stonyhurst, although he was sixteen years of age. His holidays while he was at college were generally spent at his uncle's, Sir Edward Doughty's place, and gradually there grew up between him and his cousin, Kate Doughty, a strong feeling of love, although they were merely boy and girl.

After three years at the Jesuit college, Roger left, and was placed under a tutor in order that he might qualify for Sandhurst. In this he was successful, and he went in for the cavalry. In the course of the summer of 1849, he obtained a commission in the Carabiniers, and a few months later joined his regiment in Ireland. For three years he was stationed in Ireland, but he paid frequent visits to England, and always stayed with the Doughtys.

The attachment between him and his cousin Kate, who was now in her eighteenth year, ripened into passionate love, and the young man appealed to his uncle to sanction a marriage. But Sir Edward very properly objected, on the score of the youthfulness of his daughter, though he promised that if at the end of three years the young people were of the same mind, he would consent to a union.

There is no doubt that Roger Charles Tichborne was much disappointed at this decision, and he expressed his determination of going abroad. There was a very affectionate parting between the lovers, and at last tearing himself away, Roger led a quiet country life for a few months, and in January of the following year he sold his commission.

Two months later, in company with a servant named Moore, he left Havre in a vessel called *La Pauline*, bound for Valparaiso, which he reached in June of the same year. He then crossed the Andes and went down to Buenos Ayres, thence made his way to Brazil, and his last letter to his family was dated April 1st, 1854, at Rio de Janeiro. At that time his father had become Sir James Tichborne owing to the death of Sir Edward Doughty.

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE "BELLA"?

On April 20th, 1854, Roger sailed with his servant in a vessel called the *Bella*, whose destination was New York, from whence young Tichborne intended to proceed to England with all speed. Destiny, however, willed it otherwise. About April 24th or 25th a vessel at sea, on her way to Rio, came upon a quantity of wreckage, including a lifeboat, on which the name *Bella* was painted.

Here, then, we have one of those dark and unsolvable mysteries of the deep. How was the *Bella* wrecked? Until the sea gives up its dead it will never be known. No living soul has ever appeared to tell the tale. Probate was granted to the executors of Roger's will. The *Bella* was posted at Lloyd's as "Lost with all hands." The insurances were paid, and thus

was his mother. The poor lady cherished the idea that Roger had been saved. No one could convince her to the contrary, and at last an impostor, in order to obtain money from her, buoyed her hopes up with a wicked story to the effect that he had heard that some passengers and certain members of the crew of the *Bella* had been picked up by a vessel steering for Australia, where they were duly landed. The silly lady believed this, and in 1862, her husband, Sir James, being dead, and her youngest son, Alfred, having succeeded to the title and estates, she resolved to make an effort to find Roger.

Let it be noted that eight years had elapsed since the loss of the *Bella*.

AN IGNORANT MOUNTAIN OF FLESH.

If Roger had escaped from that catastrophe, why had he remained silent for eight years? It was an outrage on common-sense to suppose that if he had been saved he would not have written to his relatives. Moreover, he possessed letters of credit for £2,000, but that money was never drawn.

He knew that his father had succeeded to the title and estates, and his object in embarking on the *Bella* for New York was to hurry home and claim the hand of his dear cousin Kate. He was heir to a great inheritance, his beautiful cousin loved him, and riches were his. For what conceivable reason, therefore, did he remain silent all those years when he was perfectly well aware that there were friends and relatives in England breaking their hearts about him? No, Roger was dead enough; but his half-demented mother clung to the hope that he was alive and well, and in Australia, and she began to advertise in Australian papers, describing her son as, "About thirty-two years of age, delicate constitution, tall and thin, with blue eyes and brown hair." The details of the shipwreck were also given.

The advertisements were issued through the agency of a man named Cubitt, who, curiously enough, omitted from the description the all-important words, and *this*. The mother had also made a mistake in regard to her son's age. He would have been thirty-six in 1865, the year she commenced to advertise.

In Wagga Wagga, a little town in New South Wales, was a butcher. He was called Thomas Castro. He was tall, had brown hair, blue eyes, and was about thirty-two years of age. But he wasn't thin. On the contrary, he was a massive, fleshy, bullocky sort of fellow, uneducated, stupid, coarse-minded, and illiterate. This butcher was in sore financial straits, was arranging to go through the bankruptcy court, and for that purpose had applied to a lawyer of Wagga Wagga named Gibbs to do the business for him.

Of course, he had several interviews with Gibbs, and on each occasion mysteriously hinted at certain property he was entitled to in Hampshire. Castro had never been in Hampshire, but a chum of his named Slater was a Hampshire man, and fond of talking about the beauties of his native county. The butcher had asked Slater many questions about the Tichbornes and their property, and Slater made the mistake of saying that the property was in Hampshire. Just at this time, curiously enough, Gibbs came across Lady Tichborne's advertisements. (Of course, if a novelist had created this situation it would have been called "melodrama" by the critics. It's such a favourite word with them.) The lawyer discussed the matter with his wife, and they agreed that the fat butcher was the long lost Tichborne; but it seems incredible that this lawyer should have believed that Sir Roger Tichborne, as he would then have been, could have shut himself off from his family for so many years, and been content to follow the humble calling of a butcher, when he was entitled to a baronetcy and rich estates.

But the lawyer, no doubt, scented fees, and that may have warped his common-sense. Anyway, one day he said to his poverty-stricken client, "I think I could make a good guess at your real name, which, as you know, is not Thomas Castro."

THE PLOT DEVELOPS.

The fat butcher smiled knowingly, and, taking from his mouth a wooden pipe he was smoking, he showed to the wondering gaze of the simple man of law that on the bowl of the pipe were the mystic letters "R. C. T." Gibbs was no longer in doubt that the ponderous butcher, who weighed between seventeen and eighteen stone, was the much sort after young gentleman who had been miraculously saved

another chapter was added to the tragedy of the sea. Here, then, we have the fitting prologue to the startling romance that is to follow.

There was one person among the many who were interested in young Roger Tichborne who resolutely refused to believe in the death of the young gentleman. That person

from the wreck of the ill-fated *Bella*, and when the mountain of flesh declared that he greatly preferred the South American to the Australian climate, the wise Gibbs felt that proof could go no farther.

From this date the development of the plot proceeded with startling rapidity, and the true tale goes on from chapter to chapter with ever-deepening interest, while sensation follows sensation. Mr. Gibbs' next step was to place himself in communication with Cubitt, of Melbourne, who was doing the advertising for the missing heir, telling him that he knew where the Tichborne heir was; then, delighted beyond measure, Cubitt wrote to the Dowager Lady Tichborne informing her that her son had been found.

The poor deluded woman wrote back immediately telling the agent to pack Roger off home without a moment's loss of time. And she added the information that a negro named Bogle, who had been in the Tichborne family's service as a valet, was then living in Melbourne, and he would no doubt know "Dear Roger."

A MANICK OR A B. OF B. K.

The butcher, Castro, had by this time made up his mind to play the game, but how such an illiterate fellow could ever have hoped to palm himself off as the highly-educated and refined gentleman, Sir Roger Tichborne, is not clear; and it is no less difficult to understand how Gibbs, the solicitor, was deceived. Gibbs had made him advances of money, and nothing could have displayed the man's ignorance more than the following letter addressed by his client to the lawyer, which is here given verbatim:

"DEAR SIR,—My reason for writing instead of seeing you personally is. I am rea ashamed of trubling you so often. Your kindness to me. Will be remembered more than a Medal of Honor on my breast. What I wish to consult you about is this my being Idle is drawding remarks from many. And what to do i do not. I dont wish to leave the town before we receive our letters from Mother wich i hope will not belong first. But how to live in meentime is what trubling me. i paid the Baker with part of the Cash you were so kind to lend me. i do not wish impose on you good natchur for more Cash. But what i wish you would do is to speaks to one of the Storekeepers to let me have what neecesseries i would require for the House. If you think you could do with safetie i would rather it be Mr. Forsyth, if anywhere. i expect Mrs. Castro will be confined before saturday. And believe me, sir, I am more of a Manick than a B. of B. K. to think that i should have a child borne in sich a hovvel. i Remain, Dear Sir, Truly,
ROGER CHARLES TICHBORNE."

The punctuation, spelling, misplaced capitals, and signature of this astounding letter are as they appear in the original. The mysterious letters, B. of B. K., stood for Baronet of British Kingdom. In the face of such an ignorant letter it is still more puzzling to understand how Gibbs could have been taken in and gulled by such an impostor. Through this letter the reader learns for the first time that the butcher was married, and that his wife was about to present him with a pledge of her affection. His wife was as illiterate as he was. She had been a domestic servant previous to allying herself to the mountain of flesh, who was to gain notoriety as one of the greatest impostors the world has known.

THE CLAIMANT IN CLOVER.

Of course, the simple Gibbs rendered the aid asked for, and matters swung merrily along. The B. of B. K. wrote to his "Dear Mamma." The lawyer wished to draft the letter, but the pig-headed fellow insisted on doing it himself. The letter was quite as illiterate as the one to Gibbs. In it he asked the Dowager to remit sufficient money to pay his debts, and his passage to England. The poor demented lady replied to him, addressing him as "Dearly beloved Roger," but she did not send any money, which, of course, was a great disappointment to the butcher. He wrote back to his "Dear Mamma," and the following is an extract from the letter:

"But it matters not, Has have no wish to leave a country ware i enjoy good health. i have grow very stout." He wound up by invoking a blessing in this truly remarkable phrase, "May the Blessed Maria have mercy on your soul."

On the strength of the correspondence, "The Claimant," as we will henceforth call him, was successful in obtaining a loan of several hundred pounds from a Sydney bank, and almost immediately after that the crazy Dowager sent him £400. He was thus in clover. Moreover, the black servant, Bogle, in Sydney, professed to recognise him.

Bogle went to an hotel in Sydney, where the claimant was staying, and, though a little startled to see such a monster, instead of the slim, gentlemanly young man he had known in England, he seems to have been convinced that the real Sir Roger had come to life again. There was another former servant of the Tichborne family also living in Sydney, a man named Guilfoyle, and he, too, professed to identify the butcher as "Sir Roger." The result of it all was the claimant, well provided with funds, set sail for England. Before doing so, however, he did another astounding thing. He made a will, in which he left "To my mother, Lady Hannah Francis Tichborne,

Violet Vanbrugh, Carrie Moore, Phyllis Dave, Gertie Millar, Ellaline Terriss, and other beautiful actresses are waiting to be introduced to you in the NOVEMBER ROYAL.

35 Years in
Epping Forest.By "PIPEY," the Forest
Hermit.

[EVERYBODY who has visited High Beach and Dick Turpin's Cave knows "Pipey," the old man with the bright eyes of youth, who for thirty-five years has haunted the Forest by day and night, seeking for the rushes out of which he manufactures the ornamental pipes he sells for a living.]

I am the last left alive of the "Forest Hermits," as they used to call us. Charlie Fowler died

recently, as you are probably aware, after living in his hut of boughs in Meak Wood for exactly a quarter of a century, and all that now remains to perpetuate his memory is his portrait—and a very good portrait it is—in the saloon bar of the "Wake Arms."

They dubbed him the hermit of the Forest, though for the life of me I could never see why. He had not lived in it, and by it, nearly so long as many others, including myself. Why, I remember him coming here, and I helped him build his first shelter.

They said he died of exposure. Well—maybe! But if so it took twenty-five years to kill him. And I have had thirty-five years of it, and I am not dead yet.

How old am I? Seventy-one last February, and I spent my birthday in the Forest, with a roasted hedgehog for my dinner and myself for company. When I went to sleep at night I was cold, but when I woke up in the morning I was warm. That was because it had been snowing all night, and I was covered with a snow blanket. Warmest thing out is snow, if you lie quite still and let it cover you completely.

BURIED IN SNOW FOR TWO DAYS.

I remember that once I was buried under three feet of it. That was in January, 1895, if I remember rightly. The cold outside was intense, and I lay snuggled under it for two days and nights. On the morning of the third day a stag broke through the crust and fell on top of me, and I was so angry at his intrusion, and the blast of icy air that followed, that I hit him on the head with a stick, and very nearly got myself into trouble with the keepers over it.

Not that the keepers were ever really what you may call harsh with us. They knew we only trapped for food, and we always respected the close seasons.

What did we trap? Rabbits, with an occasional hare, and now and then a pheasant or partridge. But these latter did not often come our way, and when they did they were usually birds reared in neighbouring plantations that visited the wood for acorns in the autumn; the genuine, wild-bred, Forest birds were too wary for us.

We mostly used snares that we made ourselves out of the wire taken from old gingerbeer and lemonade bottles. These we used to set at dusk across the runs and "smoots" on the good old poachers' principle of "two fists high for a hare and one for a rabbit," and they nearly always killed. Now and again, too, we used a ferret, and on such occasions I have seen a mound fairly explode with rabbits, pouring helter-skelter from their holes.

But this is all past and done with. At least, it is nearly done with. I don't think there is either the fur or the feather in the Forest to-day that there was in the old days.

Or it may be that to poach properly requires two or three working in harmony, while now I am left all alone. Anyhow, I know that whereas I once lived well all the year round on what I could catch and gather, I now find it hard to keep hunger at a distance.

FOUGHT WITH A WILD WOLF.

But, then, I have never resorted to real unsportsmanlike tricks, like some people I could name, who burn brimstone under the trees where pheasants are roosting, and so stupefy them, or who feed the partridges with swollen grain steeped in alcohol, with a like result. The worst I ever did, and then only when I was very hungry, was to attract the curiosity of a bird by alternately lighting and extinguishing a candle-end.

My most exciting adventure? Well, I think it was when I was attacked by a wolf. You may stare, but it is quite true that there were wolves in the Forest up till within a comparatively short while back, and one was caught and shown in the "Zoo."

How they got here no one seems to know for certain, but the supposition is that someone must have turned loose a couple of cubs, male and female, and that their progeny lived and bred in the deep thickets.

Anyhow, one went for me one winter's night in 1883, when I was camping out in Epping Thicks, and would doubtless have done for me had I not been quick with my hands and agile on my feet.

A KING OF KIDNAPPERS.

The "shanghai" Russian sailor Gerdert, who made so sensational an escape at Falmouth the other day from the vessel on board of which he had been illegally lured; was, it now transpires, the victim of one of the many agents of the notorious "Shanghai Johnson," of San Francisco.

This "King of the Kidnappers," as he has been not inaptly christened, is known and dreaded of all skippers trading to the Pacific ports. His influence extends from Alaska to Magellan Straits, and no vessel is safe from his machinations.

He has been known to steal entire crews, and on one occasion, as an act of revenge, he laid up the whole of the shipping of Mazatlan, an important Mexican port.

The principal boarding-house at San Francisco was a sort of cross between an up-to-date palace hotel and a mediaeval Oriental harem. Here, before the earthquake levelled it to the ground, "Jack" was decoyed, and given the time of his life for a week or so.

His days were spent in carousing, his nights in revelry, until presently his turn came to be "signed on." Then a heavy dose of laudanum-loaded rum was given him, and next day he woke up to find himself at sea, with three months "advance wages" to be worked off.

But Johnson's pet enterprise was his "Seaman's Training College," as he grandiloquently called it. This was nothing more nor less than a factory for turning out bogus sailors. Old, broken-down tramps were lured to the "college," and there transformed in a few days into very good imitation seamen. That is to say, their hands were roughened with pumice-stone soaked in walnut juice, they were clothed in sailors' togs plentifully daubed with tar, and they were taught a smattering of salt-water lingo. But of everything pertaining to true seamanship they were, of course, totally ignorant.

Many a good ship has been lost, owing to her skipper having been palmed off with one of Shanghai Johnson's counterfeit crews.

"Ah, yes!" said Mr. Goldbage; "I got my start in life by clerking in a humble grocery store at a salary of twelve shillings a week, and managed to save money on that."

"But," replied the astute reporter, "that, of course, was before cash-registers were invented."

A LIGHT MATTER.

THE little bugler wore a proud smile as he turned out on guard for the first time.

"Have you learnt all the calls yet, my boy?" asked the officer encouragingly.

"Nearly all, sir."

"Do you know the sergeant's call?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know the assembly?"

"Yes, sir."

"And the fire alarm?"

"N—no, sir."

"H'm; well, now what would you sound if a fire should break out?"

The bugler thought.

"Er—er, 'Lights out,' I suppose," he stammered.

WHAT BIG ACCIDENTS COST
RAILWAYS.

A REALLY big accident, such as that which occurred at Shrewsbury the other day, is a very serious matter financially for the company affected.

And this apart altogether from destruction of rolling stock and damage to permanent way. Indeed, this is usually a comparatively trifling matter. It is the claims for compensation from the injured and the relatives of the dead that tell up.

Nowadays, however, the companies, taught by past experience, settle these amicably, except in very rare cases. So that it is unlikely that any line will ever again suffer so great a loss over a single accident as was sustained by the L.B. and S.C. in 1869, when, for a collision at New Cross, £70,000 had to be disbursed as compensation to passengers, and that although only two fatalities resulted, while the legal expenses totalled up to another £10,000.

This constitutes a record, the next in order being the terrible Abergele accident in 1868, when thirty-three persons lost their lives and £50,000 was paid out by the London and North-Western Company.

At the other end of the scale comes the accident at Thorpe, near Norwich, in September, 1874, when twenty-six persons were killed, and about fifty injured, which, nevertheless, cost the company concerned barely £13,000. The smallness of the sum was said at the time to be due to the cuteness of the legal representatives of the line in hurrying to the spot and making prompt terms with claimants.

That this policy—now generally acted upon—is a sound one was proved pretty conclusively ten years later, when the G.E.R. elected to fight several claims brought against them for personal injuries sustained in the wreck of one of their expresses. The first plaintiff, a clergyman, was awarded £4,000. The next, an Army general named Brereton, got £6,500.

Then the company's solicitor intervened, and the remaining cases were withdrawn, to be settled privately out of court.

GREAT interest was aroused some months since by the statement that the winner of this year's Derby was trained in a backyard in the most simple manner possible. Usually, racehorses are most peculiar creatures, full of fads and fancies, and require the most cautious treatment owing to their whims and caprices. In the matter of diet, some of them have the most remarkable tastes.

Acid Drops
for RacehorsesCurious Fancies of Stable
Aristocrats.

The curious name of one famous racehorse, Semolina, was given to her when a young filly on account of the fact that, while she would not look at a dish of oats, she expressed the greatest partiality to a dish of semolina.

Sceptre had most peculiar tastes in this way, and they were tastes which were constantly changing. At one time Sceptre was passionately fond of peaches, then she would evince a desire for grapes, and later for pineapples. Afterwards the whole stable was turned topsy-turvy by the fact that she would not eat any food at all except celery tops; moreover, she would only eat these when given to her by a lad for whom she had a passionate regard.

The average racehorse is very fond of choice fruits, particularly pineapples, while ordinary apples are a favourite delicacy. Cherry Lass could usually be put in a good humour by being fed on mustard and cress. Pretty Polly was also fond of such food, especially watercress, while her sister Adula was quite an epicure where looks and similar delicacies were concerned.

The fads of dieting do not end here, for, in addition to such delicacies, the blue-blooded horse is fond of sweets of all kinds. Very often an intractable horse will be put into a good humour by being given acid-drops.

PRETTY POLLY IN LOVE.

Worse remains to be told. The majority of racehorses are very partial to strong liquor, and there are some which cannot be trusted to reach the post unless they have been dosed with a portion of grog.

Racehorses are also very peculiar in their likes and dislikes for human beings and animals. At one time Sceptre would only be fed from the hands of a certain lad. Diamond Jubilee, also, was a perfect brute where meet men were concerned, and the only jockey who dare brave his anger was H. Jones, who could do pretty nearly what he liked with the horse.

This famous racehorse was passionately fond of another horse in the same stable, without which he could not be persuaded to go to the post. Upon several occasions another was tried, but with most unfortunate results; Diamond Jubilee fell into a fearful fury, and the horse had to be taken away to prevent serious consequences. Diamond Jubilee and his friend had the most intense regard for each other, and after the great horse had won a race his hack companion displayed as much pride and joy as though he had won the race himself.

In a similar way, Pretty Polly took a violent fancy to another animal, without which she would not go to sleep. When separated she would be greatly concerned, and it was necessary to take the pony to her side before she would recover her usual spirits. Sceptre had a similar liking for a pony friend, from which she was inseparable.

BLACK CAT TO CURE TEMPER.

Sometimes a horse will evince a great liking for a donkey, from which it will be inseparable, and very often other animals are looked upon with equal affection. Thus, the mare Hackness had an inseparable dumb friend in the form of a black cat. The horse had a very violent temper; but when she was in the worst paroxysm of rage the cat would sit calmly on the floor close by, and the horse's flying hoofs would strike every portion except there.

Without the cat near her, she would reject the most tempting food, there being no possible method of causing her to eat. On one occasion this black cat was lost, and the mare obstinately refused to eat. When the animal was discovered, it was put in the racehorse's box. The cat jumped on the mare's back, crawled up her neck, and contentedly purring into her ear. At once the mare's temper vanished, and she enjoyed her meal.

Another horse was very ferocious except when he had won a big race, when his whole nature underwent a change for the time being.

Thus, after one of his great victories, while he was standing in the paddock, he allowed some working men to pull hairs from his tail without displaying the least temper. In order to get this horse to the post, it was usually necessary to give him a pint of whisky diluted with the same amount of water, when he would forget his temper.

"Truth is stranger than fiction." If you doubt this proverb have a look at the "Real Life Romances" in the ROYAL.

'BLURRED LIGHTS.'—NO. VII.

NEW SERIES.



The Story of the Tichborne Claimant told
by DICK DONOVAN.

No more thrilling romance nor more sensational story can be found in the realms of fiction than the story of Thomas Castro, who will be known for all time as "The Claimant."

Stonyhurst is, as most people are aware, a great Jesuit college situated in Lancashire, and at this place, in the course of 1845, a young boy, bearing the honoured name of Roger Charles Tichborne, was entered as a student.

He had been brought up in France, where his mother, Henriette Félicité, had spent her life. His father was the representative of a very old family, and Roger Charles was the presumptive heir to wealth and a baronetcy.

His uncle, Sir Henry James Tichborne, was the head of the house at that time, but he had no issue and died the very year that Roger went to Stonyhurst. He made his second brother, Sir Edward Doughty, his heir. This gentleman's only child was a daughter, and, as both the Doughty and Tichborne estates could only descend in the male line, James Francis Tichborne stood next in line of succession, and after him his son Roger.

THE REAL ROGER GOES ABROAD.

When Sir Henry died, his brother James determined to fit his son to ultimately take his place as an English gentleman of title and fortune, hence his reason for removing him from Paris to Stonyhurst.

Roger's mother was an extraordinary woman. She had a violent temper; not only did she make her son's life miserable, but she quarrelled with all her relatives, and there was much bitterness between her and her husband, when the latter resolved that his son should be educated in England. The lad could hardly speak a word of English when he joined Stonyhurst, although he was sixteen years of age. His holidays while he was at college were generally spent at his uncle's, Sir Edward Doughty's place, and gradually there grew up between him and his cousin, Kate Doughty, a strong feeling of love, although they were merely boy and girl.

After three years at the Jesuit college, Roger left, and was placed under a tutor in order that he might qualify for Sandhurst. In this he was successful, and he went in for the cavalry. In the course of the summer of 1849, he obtained a commission in the Carabineers, and a few months later joined his regiment in Ireland. For three years he was stationed in Ireland, but he paid frequent visits to England, and always stayed with the Doughtys.

The attachment between him and his cousin Kate, who was now in her eighteenth year, ripened into passionate love, and the young man appealed to his uncle to sanction a marriage. But Sir Edward very properly objected, on the score of the youthfulness of his daughter, though he promised that if at the end of three years the young people were of the same mind, he would consent to a union.

There is no doubt that Roger Charles Tichborne was much disappointed at this decision, and he expressed his determination of going abroad. There was a very affectionate parting between the lovers, and at last tearing himself away, Roger led a quiet country life for a few months, and in January of the following year he sold his commission.

Two months later, in company with a servant named Moore, he left Havre in a vessel called *La Pauline*, bound for Valparaiso, which he reached in June of the same year. He then crossed the Andes and went down to Buenos Ayres, thence made his way to Brazil, and his last letter to his family was dated April 1st, 1854, at Rio de Janeiro. At that time his father had become Sir James Tichborne owing to the death of Sir Edward Doughty.

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE "BELLA"?

On April 20th, 1854, Roger sailed with his servant in a vessel called the *Bella*, whose destination was New York, from whence young Tichborne intended to proceed to England with all speed. Destiny, however, willed it otherwise. About April 24th or 25th a vessel at sea, on her way to Rio, came upon a quantity of wreckage, including a lifeboat, on which the name *Bella* was painted.

Here, then, we have one of those dark and unsolvable mysteries of the deep. How was the *Bella* wrecked? Until the sea gives up its dead it will never be known. No living soul has ever appeared to tell the tale. Probate was granted to the executors of Roger's will. The *Bella* was posted at Lloyd's as "Lost with all hands." The insurances were paid, and thus

was his mother. The poor lady cherished the idea that Roger had been saved. No one could convince her to the contrary, and at last an impostor, in order to obtain money from her, buoyed her hopes up with a wicked story to the effect that he had heard that some passengers and certain members of the crew of the *Bella* had been picked up by a vessel steering for Australia, where they were duly landed. The silly lady believed this, and in 1863, her husband, Sir James, being dead, and her youngest son, Alfred, having succeeded to the title and estates, she resolved to make an effort to find Roger.

Let it be noted that eight years had elapsed since the loss of the *Bella*.

AN IGNORANT MOUNTAIN OF FLESH.

If Roger had escaped from that catastrophe, why had he remained silent for eight years? It was an outrage on common-sense to suppose that if he had been saved he would not have written to his relatives. Moreover, he possessed letters of credit for £3,000, but that money was never drawn.

He knew that his father had succeeded to the title and estates, and his object in embarking on the *Bella* for New York was to hurry home and claim the hand of his dear cousin Kate. He was heir to a great inheritance, his beautiful cousin loved him, and riches were his. For what conceivable reason, therefore, did he remain silent all those years when he was perfectly well aware that there were friends and relatives in England breaking their hearts about him? No, Roger was dead enough; but his half-demented mother clung to the hope that he was alive and well, and in Australia, and she began to advertise in Australian papers, describing her son as, "About thirty-two years of age, delicate constitution, tall and thin, with blue eyes and brown hair." The details of the shipwreck were also given.

The advertisements were issued through the agency of a man named Cubitt, who, curiously enough, omitted from the description the all-important words, *and thin*. The mother had also made a mistake in regard to her son's age. He would have been thirty-six in 1863, the year she commenced to advertise.

In Wagga Wagga, a little town in New South Wales, was a butcher. He was called Thomas Castro. He was tall, had brown hair, blue eyes, and was about thirty-two years of age. But he wasn't thin. On the contrary, he was a massive, fleshy, bullocky sort of fellow, uneducated, stupid, coarse-minded, and illiterate. This butcher was in sore financial straits, was arranging to go through the bankruptcy court, and for that purpose had applied to a lawyer of Wagga Wagga named Gibbs to do the business for him.

Of course, he had several interviews with Gibbs, and on each occasion mysteriously hinted at certain property he was entitled to in Hampshire. Castro had never been in Hampshire, but a chum of his named Slater was a Hampshire man, and fond of talking about the beauties of his native county. The butcher had asked Slater many questions about the Tichbornes and their property, and Slater made the mistake of saying that the property was in Hampshire. Just at this time, curiously enough, Gibbs came across Lady Tichborne's advertisements. (Of course, if a novelist had created this situation it would have been called "melodrama" by the critics. It's such a favourite word with them.) The lawyer discussed the matter with his wife, and they agreed that the fat butcher was the long lost Tichborne; but it seems incredible that this lawyer should have believed that Sir Roger Tichborne, as he would then have been, could have shut himself off from his family for so many years, and been content to follow the humble calling of a butcher, when he was entitled to a baronetcy and rich estates.

But the lawyer, no doubt, scented fees, and that may have warped his common-sense. Anyway, one day he said to his poverty-stricken client, "I think I could make a good guess at your real name, which, as you know, is not Thomas Castro."

THE PLOT DEVELOPS.

The fat butcher smiled knowingly, and, taking from his mouth a wooden pipe he was smoking, he showed to the wondering gaze of the simple man of law that on the bowl of the pipe were the mystic letters "R. C. T." Gibbs was no longer in doubt that the ponderous butcher, who weighed between seventeen and eighteen stone, was the much sort after young gentleman who had been miraculously saved

from the wreck of the ill-fated *Bella*, and when the mountain of flesh declared that he greatly preferred the South American to the Australian climate, the wise Gibbs felt that proof could go no farther.

From this date the development of the plot proceeded with startling rapidity, and the true tale goes on from chapter to chapter with ever-deepening interest, while sensation follows sensation. Mr. Gibbs' next step was to place himself in communication with Cubitt, of Melbourne, who was doing the advertising for the missing heir, telling him that he knew where the Tichborne heir was; then, delighted beyond measure, Cubitt wrote to the Dowager Lady Tichborne informing her that her son had been found.

The poor deluded woman wrote back immediately telling the agent to pack Roger off home without a moment's loss of time. And she added the information that a negro named Bogle, who had been in the Tichborne family's service as a valet, was then living in Melbourne, and he would no doubt know "Dear Roger."

A MANICK OR A B. OF B.K.

The butcher, Castro, had by this time made up his mind to play the game, but how such an illiterate fellow could ever have hoped to palm himself off as the highly-educated and refined gentleman, Sir Roger Tichborne, is not clear; and it is no less difficult to understand how Gibbs, the solicitor, was deceived. Gibbs had made him advances of money, and nothing could have displayed the man's ignorance more than the following letter addressed by his client to the lawyer, which is here given verbatim:

"DEAR SIR,—My reason for writing instead of seeing you personally is. I am rea ashamed of trubling you so often. Your kindness to me. Will be remembered more than a Medal of Honor on my breast. What I wish to consult you about is this my being Idle is drawding remarks from many. And what to do i do not. I dont wish to leave the town before we receive our letins from Mother wich i hope will not belong first. But how to live in meentime is what trubling me. i paid the Baker with part of the Cash you were so kind to lend me. i do not wish impose on you good natchur for more Cash. But what I wish you would do is to speaks to one of the Storekeepers to let me have what necesseries I would require for the House. If you think you could do with safetie i would rather it be Mr. Forsyth, if anywhere. i expect Mrs. Castro will be confined before saturday. And believe me, sir, I am more of a Manick than a B. of B. K. to think that i should have a child borne in sich a hovvel. i Remain, Dear Sir, Truly,
ROGER CHARLES TICHBORNE."

The punctuation, spelling, misplaced capitals, and signature of this astounding letter are as they appear in the original. The mysterious letters, B. of B. K., stood for Baronet of British Kingdom. In the face of such an ignorant letter it is still more puzzling to understand how Gibbs could have been taken in and gulled by such an impostor. Through this letter the reader learns for the first time that the butcher was married, and that his wife was about to present him with a pledge of her affection. His wife was as illiterate as he was. She had been a domestic servant previous to allying herself to the mountain of flesh, who was to gain notoriety as one of the greatest impostors the world has known.

THE CLAIMANT IN CLOVER.

Of course, the simple Gibbs rendered the aid asked for, and matters swung merrily along. The B. of B. K. wrote to his "Dear Mamma." The lawyer wished to draft the letter, but the pig-headed fellow insisted on doing it himself. The letter was quite as illiterate as the one to Gibbs. In it he asked the Dowager to remit sufficient money to pay his debts, and his passage to England. The poor demented lady replied to him, addressing him as "Dearly beloved Roger," but she did not send any money, which, of course, was a great disappointment to the butcher. He wrote back to his "Dear Mamma," and the following is an extract from the letter:

"But it matters not, Has have no wish to leave a country ware i enjoy good health. i have grow very stout." He wound up by invoking a blessing in this truly remarkable phrase, "May the Blessid Maria have mercy on your soul."

On the strength of the correspondence, "The Claimant," as we will henceforth call him, was successful in obtaining a loan of several hundred pounds from a Sydney bank, and almost immediately after that the crazy Dowager sent him £400. He was thus in clover. Moreover, the black servant, Bogle, in Sydney, professed to recognise him.

Bogle went to an hotel in Sydney, where the claimant was staying, and, though a little startled to see such a monster, instead of the slim, gentlemanly young man he had known in England, he seems to have been convinced that the real Sir Roger had come to life again. There was another former servant of the Tichborne family also living in Sydney, a man named Guilfoyle, and he, too, professed to identify the butcher as "Sir Roger." The result of it all was the claimant, well provided with funds, set sail for England. Before doing so, however, he did another astounding thing. He made a will, in which he left "To my mother, Lady Hannah Francis Tichborne,

Violet Vanbrugh, Carrie Moore, Phyllis Dave, Gertie Millar, Ellaline Terriss, and other beautiful actresses are waiting to be introduced to you in the NOVEMBER ROYAL.

the whole of my property in the Isle of Wight." Here, again, was an egregious blunder, as the Tichborne family had no property in the Isle of Wight, and Lady Tichborne was Dowager Lady Henriette Félicité Tichborne.

By the time the claimant arrived in England, he had put on flesh to such an extent that he now weighed nearly twenty stone. The Dowager was still residing in Paris, and she wrote to her dear Roger, urging him to go to her at once; but he was in no hurry to see his "Dear Mamma." He had a good many things to get into his memory before doing so. He disguised himself as well as he could, and went down to Tichborne Park to get the lie of the land, and through a brewer's traveller he met he was introduced to a Mr. John Holmes, a solicitor, who seems to have been impressed with him; and, when he had gathered up as much information as he could do, he started for Paris in company with Holmes.

"THIS IS, INDEED, MY DEAR SON."

On his arrival in the gay city, however, he seemed very reluctant to face the Dowager, and at last, her patience being exhausted, she drove to the hotel at which he had put up, and was received by Holmes, who conducted her to the bedroom where the huge claimant was lying on the bed, partially intoxicated, and pallid with funk.

Most wonderful to relate, the Dowager Lady Tichborne walked to the bedside, and, gazing for a few moments on the trembling monster, she exclaimed joyfully, "This is, indeed, my dear son." The wily solicitor promptly called in a servant to witness the fact that the silly lady had recognised her son.

Bogle, who accompanied the claimant to England, was also present. Throughout this remarkable and dramatic scene the fat claimant never uttered a word. He lay on the bed, a quivering mass of perspiring flesh. Yet the deluded woman persisted in declaring that he was her son.

The real Roger Tichborne, when he had lived as a boy in Paris, had had as tutor a cultivated French gentleman, M. Chatillon. The Dowager sent this gentleman to see the claimant, and subsequently M. Chatillon, to the lady's grief and annoyance, said very emphatically, "Madame, this man is not your son." But it was no use, the lady would not be convinced, and so amazing was her obstinacy that though, in the course of a day or two, she discovered that her son was an illiterate, that he did not know a word of French, and painfully misplaced his aspirates, she still declared him to be the veritable Roger.

She posted him up in facts which he found very useful, and which he might have turned to excellent account had he been possessed of more brains. She allowed him, also, to peruse scores of letters, having reference to the property generally and to Roger's schooldays at Stonyhurst.

At last, he left her for a time, and, primed with the information she had supplied this great impostor, returned to England and went to Alresford, and now more wonders happened.

He met a man named Rous, landlord of an hotel or inn called the "Swan," who had known the lost heir; and he professed to recognise Sir Roger in the monster claimant.

An old solicitor named Hopkins, who had done business for the Tichbornes, also recognised the lost son in the twenty-stone butcher.

Then came the historian of the Tichborne family, one Baigent, and he, too, said the butcher was the right man. Hopkins' and Baigent's opinions had great weight, and the claimant's adherents began to number hundreds.

THE FAMILY WON'T ACKNOWLEDGE HIM.

Next he secured the support of Guilford Onslow, M.P., a Colonel Lushington, a friend of the family, a Mr. Bulpett, a prominent banker in Winchester, and many others.

How was it that so many intelligent and clever people could have been deceived by this coarse, illiterate fellow? Notwithstanding his coarseness, his entire lack of education, and his utterly vulgar tastes, the B. of B. K. must have possessed some subtle power of fascination.

Mr. John Holmes became like his shadow, and urged him to meet different members of the family. Meetings were arranged, but poor Sir Roger always fell ill at that time. Such members as were able to get in touch with the ponderous man resolutely refused to acknowledge him. Mr. Holmes began at last to take steps to "establish his client in his lawful position," and to that end he commenced an action against the trustees, who guarded the property for the benefit of the minor.

The action was a chancery suit, and the defendants saw with concern that they were threatened with proceedings which would pile up a ruinous bill of costs. It was pitiable, but there was no help for it. The case assumed gigantic proportions, and throughout the country one heard the claimant's position discussed as the burning question of the day. Enormous sums of money were raised by subscriptions from the general public, and by loans on bonds; and, needless to say, the fat claimant had a fat time of it; he revelled in luxury, while all the time the Tichborne estates were being depleted, and the trustees bemoaned the ruinous expenditure they were forced to face.

It was evident now that tens of thousands of pounds would have to be found to carry on the litigation, and prevent the property from falling into the hands of the Wagga Wagga butcher and his defused followers. Though they were not all deluded, for there can be no doubt many of them were perfectly well aware the claimant was an impostor. It was a conspiracy, and the wonder is the others were allowed to escape.

THE MYSTERY OF ARTHUR ORTON.

Everyone who has ever had anything to do with chancery proceedings knows the way in which costs can be accumulated. The lawyers flocked to the feast like vultures, and the chancery suit ran its dreary course; but to the lawyers it was a refreshing fount from which they extracted a golden stream.

Eighteen months passed, then the Dowager Lady Tichborne died, and, acting on the advice of his solicitor, the claimant commenced an action in the Court of Common Pleas, to establish his claim to be recognised as Sir Roger Tichborne.

The family had by this time strengthened their forces immensely by retaining the services at great cost of Mr. Henry Hawkins, Q.C., and they had further than that employed some alert and sharp-eyed detectives, and these people had ferreted out certain remarkable facts.

They learnt that when the claimant arrived in London in 1866, he paid two or three visits to the somewhat insalubrious neighbourhood of Wapping, and had evinced much curiosity to learn what had become of relatives of one Arthur Orton, whose father, then dead, had kept a butcher's shop in Wapping.

This butcher had a numerous progeny of boys and girls, all huge, unwieldy creatures. Arthur Orton, the biggest of the lot, went to Australia, and the surviving members of the family had last heard of him as being at Wagga Wagga.

Another curious thing was a certain Thomas Castro had actually written from Wagga Wagga to Wapping, asking for information about the Ortons. The Thomas Castro who wrote that inquiry displayed the same ignorance of spelling and punctuation as the man who wrote to Mr. Gibbs asking him for financial assistance.

The detectives still further increased their knowledge. They discovered that Arthur Orton had light, brown hair and blue eyes, that he was very fat, that in 1866 he would be about thirty-two years of age, that he had gone to sea as a butcher on a sailing ship. The ship had touched at some South American port, and there Orton deserted. He fell in with a man named Thomas Castro, who assisted him with money and in other ways. Ultimately, the butcher shipped for Australia, landing at Hobart Town, where he got into trouble with the police for horse-stealing.

INFLUENTIAL SUPPORTERS FALL AWAY.

When the claimant was confronted with some of these facts he admitted having been in Chili, and of having met Thomas Castro there. As there was a possibility that the real Sir Roger had known Castro, it was necessary to send a commission out to Chili to obtain evidence, and the claimant was to present himself there for identification; but, needless to say, he never went.

Another commission proceeded to Australia, and there a person was met with who had been well acquainted with Arthur Orton, of Hobart Town, and Thomas Castro, of Wagga Wagga, and he swore on oath that they were the same person.

The expense of all this was enormous, and the estates were being run dry, but the family had to protect the real heir from the great and wicked impostor, who had nothing to lose but much to gain.

Mr. Rous grew tired at last of the vulgar fellow who had created such a sensation. Mr. Hopkins, one of his staunch supporters at one time, died, and Holmes threw up the case, for his belief in the claimant had been too much shaken for him to conscientiously lend him further aid.

(To be concluded next week.)

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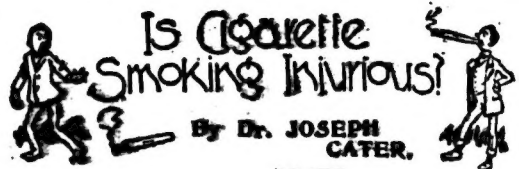
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Cigarette smoking has not only to share with other forms of smoking the bitter invectives of anti-tobacco leagues; it also has to meet with stout opposition on the part of many who are themselves smokers. Of course, cigarette smoking is open to abuse equally with other modes of "puffing tobacco." But the question is, are there reasonable grounds for condemning the cigarette, or are the objections raised against its use devoid of rational bases?

In the first place, there is a serious allegation which charges cigarette smoking with inflicting a specific injury on the smoker's throat. The accusers urge that "eminent throat specialists" have denounced the cigarette as detrimental.

Now, it is easy to thunder fulminations against a thing, but extremely difficult to demonstrate its positive evil. On demanding some definite proof that cigarette smoking exerts a baneful influence on the throat, its detractors fall back on these so-called "eminent opinions," oblivious of the fact that they apply with equal force to the pipe and cigar. Moreover, they are merely opinions, after all, however distinguished their source, and quite infinitesimal against thousands of others, expressed by the smokers themselves.

As a matter of fact, not a throat affection of any kind can justly be attributed to smoking cigarettes.

DON'T SWALLOW THE SMOKE.

This statement might be taken as a challenge, based, as it is, on an extensive experience, and supported by hundreds of medical smokers. Excessive smoking undoubtedly tends to parch the mouth and tongue, but this is an altogether different matter. Dryness here is due to the quantity of tobacco consumed, and in no way associated with the mode of its consumption.

Be it known, therefore, to all concerned, the assertion that throat trouble arises from cigarettes is unsupported by evidence, and, consequently, the charge must be dismissed.

The next count upon which the cigarette has been condemned charges it with inducing the bad practice of "swallowing." That is to say, some cigarette smokers draw the fumes into the chambers of the lungs, thus inhaling air and smoke combined. The practice is limited, yet it cannot be too severely censured.

Not only is it distinctly prejudicial to the air tubes of the lungs, but the bad habit has led to much unjust condemnation of the innocent cigarette. Blame has fallen on the article itself, instead of on the wilful misuse of it by the smoker.

Tobacco smoke merely entering the mouth, and from thence expelled, is never likely to give rise to harm. But when the smoke is persistently inhaled, delicate tissues are kept in a state of constant excitation. Hence, cigarette smokers who desire to continue their luxury without harm to themselves should for ever abstain from "swallowing."

Passing from faulty methods of using the cigarette, we turn to consider some decided advantages gained by the smoker. It will be easy to understand how, in the act of smoking, the air passes through a portion of the burning tobacco. This air, raised above its normal temperature, and incorporated with the smoke, impinges on the tongue and lining of the mouth. If, therefore, this heated and combined vapour can be reduced in bulk a decided advantage will be secured to the smoker.

BEWARE OF THE GOLD TIP.

Now, the cigarette presents an area of fire and ash, which rarely exceeds three-eighths of an inch; whereas the extent both in pipe and cigars may run to anything over or under an inch. Clearly, then, by using cigarettes in preference to a pipe, we confine within the narrowest possible limit the amount of heated air and smoke, which travels to the mouth.

And, what is more, since it is more from the products of combustion than from nicotine that harm is likely to ensue from smoking, this lessened area of burning material, with its consequent reduction of combustion products, renders the cigarette the safest smoke of all.

Much nonsense has been written and talked about the supposed deleterious effects of cigarette papers.

Truly, there are a few varieties of paper in use which might possibly prove unpleasant to the smoker; still, the less desirable kinds are only employed where a very cheap article has to be put on the market. Gold-tipped cigarettes are frequently the worst offenders, and the additional cost of thus preparing them is probably taken from the quality of tobacco.

In this connection it may be remarked that the growing practice of using saltpetre in the preparation of tobacco for cigarette making is most unwholesome.

The most effective remedy for both evils, bad paper and the use of saltpetre, lies in the purchase and use of the better classed goods, for cheapness is seldom less costly in the end.

J. Cater, M.D.

Wolfe having his dinner in Mid-Channel, horses sliding down perpendicular cliffs, sandwich men in top hats—all on view in the NOVEMBER ROYAL.

Magic and Mystery.



Another of Mr. Chorley's Adventures.

Told
by
Arnold
Gols-
worthy.

"HENRY," said Mrs. Chorley, as her husband was starting for town, "I wish you'd call at the piano shop and ask them to send a tuner up during the day. You know we've got the Hobsons and the Champneys and young Hankey coming to dinner, and we must have some music afterwards."

"I don't know that that'll be so necessary," replied Chorley. "You know the vicar asked me to get up a few conjuring tricks for his social evening. I've been practising at them a lot lately, and I could show a few off to-night."

"Oh, that's capital," said Mrs. Chorley, clapping her hands. "Everybody likes to see conjuring tricks."

The matter was decided accordingly. Mr. Chorley came home from the City early to get his apparatus ready in the drawing-room. He brought with him a bag containing two young rabbits which were to be subsequently produced in a mysterious manner from a gentleman's hat or a lady's back hair, as occasion offered. As the rabbits were not supposed to exist till they had been magically produced, Chorley was careful to say nothing to anybody about them.

The company had just settled down to the second course at dinner, when Mary Ann, who was waiting at table, passed by the door, which was half open, and gave such a jump that she jerked a couple of potatoes out of the dish in her hand. They fell on Mr. Hobson's neck, and as they were very fine and floury, and also very hot, Mr. Hobson mentioned the matter rather emphatically.

"You silly girl!" said Mr. Chorley, hurrying round to his guest's assistance, "what's the matter with you?"

"Something—something came into the room just now—and I don't like it!" explained Mary Ann a little tearfully. She had heard that there were to be mysterious and magical goings-on in the drawing-room later on, and she had understood that her master had sold himself to evil spirits for the occasion.

"Don't be ridiculous!" chimed in Mrs. Chorley with a stern look. A moment later, however, she sprang up and cried: "Oh! Henry, what is it?"

"What's what?" inquired Mr. Chorley irritably, as he paused in his work of fishing scraps of potato from under Mr. Hobson's collar with a hairpin.

"There's something moving about under the table," explained Mrs. Chorley.

In a flash, Chorley realised that one of his rabbits had broken loose from its moorings, and had stolen into the room. With the valiant spirit of the true conjuror, who never admits he has made a mistake, he reached down and grabbed the intruder by the ears.

"He, he!" he explained to the company, as he held the rabbit up. "I'm sorry if it frightened anybody. Just a little trick of mine. It's a rabbit—see? I—I conjured it into the room—for fun."

"Oh, Mr. Chorley, how clever of you!" exclaimed Mrs. Champney.

"I think you might leave the conjuring till after dinner, Henry," said Mrs. Chorley with a slight sniff of



She jerked some potatoes out of a dish on to Mr. Hobson's neck.

disapproval. And Mr. Chorley promised he would do so.

After dinner, accordingly, Mr. Chorley was able to indulge in his magical jokes to his heart's content. The audience expected much of an amateur magician who could conjure a rabbit from nowhere, and they gathered round the performer in the wildest kind of expectation.

"The first trick I shall show you this evening, ladies and gentlemen," said Mr. Chorley, "will be so simple that it explains itself."

Mr. Chorley took a large coloured handkerchief, and having shaken it to prove that it was empty, and having held his hands open as clear evidence that there was no deception, he folded the handkerchief in two and produced an egg from it. Everybody said it was wonderful, and there was a good deal of applause.

"I will now," said Mr. Chorley, "cause the egg to pass into the tail pocket of my coat. One, two—pass!"

The egg vanished as he spoke. With a smile, Mr. Chorley folded the coloured handkerchief up and threw it on one side. He then put his hand into his pocket, and the smile turned into a look of helpless disgust. The egg was certainly there, because he had put it there while the guests were being seated, but it had been inconsiderate enough to break out of its shell. Mr. Chorley drew his hand from his pocket with a sticky yellow mess adhering to it, while the ladies giggled faintly, and Mr. Champney said the trick had been very cleverly done, for there was no doubt about the egg being in Mr. Chorley's pocket.

There was an interval of a few minutes while Mr. Chorley went upstairs to change his coat, and Mrs. Chorley had to work desperately hard to keep the conversation sufficiently interesting so that the audience



The egg was certainly there.

shouldn't wander about the room and peep into the secret mysteries of the magician's art. Indeed, by the time Mr. Chorley returned one of the ladies had already discovered the head of a rabbit sticking out of a skewered fishbag, and she was endeavouring to coax it towards her by snapping her fingers invitingly.

Mr. Chorley apologised for his temporary absence, and said he would now produce a bowl of fish from a cloth. He took the cloth up, and then he said that perhaps after all a card trick or so would be more amusing. He had remembered that the coat he had just taken off had been specially fitted up with a number of extra pockets, one of which had been designed to hold the bowl of fish that was to be so mysteriously produced.

"Why not have the fish-bowl trick, Henry?" pleaded Mrs. Chorley. And then she turned to the company and added: "He showed it to me the other evening, and it's really most mysterious."

"I think we ought to see that trick, Chorley," said Mr. Hobson.

"Hear, hear!" exclaimed young Mr. Hankey, who had hitherto been silent. No one took much notice of him, as he wasn't considered to be over smart.

Mr. Chorley explained that part of the delicate machinery required for materialising bowls of gold-fish from the air was missing; but, on the company insisting that he should go as far with the trick as he could, he acceded to their wishes. Turning his back on them for a moment he hurriedly stuffed a bowl of fish, with its air-tight cover, inside his coat, and held it in position with his arm. Then producing a large cloth, he said he had much pleasure in showing them how to produce gold-fish in their native element from nowhere in particular.

"You have to shake the cloth to show it's empty, you know, Henry," prompted Mrs. Chorley.

"Quite so," said Mr. Chorley with a faint shadow of irritation at the idea that he needed to be reminded of his business. "I will now shake the cloth."

He did so. Unfortunately, in the act of shaking he



The bowl of gold-fish crashed on the carpet into a dozen pieces.

raised his arm a little too high, and the bowl of gold-fish crashed on the carpet into a dozen pieces. Mr. Chorley stooped in some confusion to pick up the fish so that they at least might be saved from the wreck, while Mr. Hobson observed sympathetically:

"You ought to have kept your arm down on it more firmly, old man."

When the fish had been put into a pail of water and the broken glass had been swept up and Mr. Chorley had apologised for the little mishaps necessarily incidental to the conjuring business, he said if some gentleman from the audience would step up on the stage, as it were, he would proceed with the next trick. As no one seemed inclined to accept the invitation Mrs. Chorley seized Mr. Hankey by the arm and pushed him into the picture by sheer force.

"Now, sir," said Mr. Chorley in his best professional manner, "have you such a thing as a penny on you?"

Mr. Hankey was beginning to say that if it came to that he would bet he had as a rule as much money on him as Chorley any day, but, suddenly remembering the license usually accorded to professional gentlemen, he smiled sheepishly and produced a penny from the ticket pocket of his coat.

"Now," said Chorley, after making a great show of placing the penny in Mr. Hankey's right hand and closing the reluctant fingers over it, "you've got that coin in your hand, Mr. Hankey, and it's a penny, isn't it?"

Mr. Hankey assented nervously.

"Very well," said Chorley with a quiet smile at the audience. "Now will you open your hand and show us the penny?"

Mr. Hankey opened his hand, and found that instead of a penny he was holding a silver florin. There was a giggle at his expense, coupled with a mild sound of applause at Mr. Chorley's amazing cleverness.

"Now," continued Mr. Chorley, "it will be quite a simple matter for me to change the florin back to a penny again. One, two—"

Mr. Hankey shook his head. "If you don't mind, Mr. Chorley," he said, "I'd sooner keep it as it is. It'll be more useful to me that way." And he resumed his seat with a satisfied smile.

Mr. Chorley swallowed a lump in his throat, as he reflected on the dead loss of a clear one and elevenpence, and decided in future to play this trick with somebody else's money. It would come cheaper. And as by that time the company were beginning to lose interest in magic, he packed up his paraphernalia, and the piano was opened instead.

(Another episode in Mr. Chorley's career will be related next week.)

PHYSICIAN'S WIFE: "I shall soon be wanting a new evening dress, dear."

Physician: "All right, my dear, I'll look over my list and find some fellow who can afford an operation for appendicitis."

PROOF POSITIVE.

THERE lived a German farmer who brewed his own beer, the superiority of which he was continually proclaiming, though no other person ever enjoyed an opportunity of testing its merits.

A young neighbour made a wager that he could trick the farmer into giving him a taste of the much-vaunted drink. The youth visited the German one Sunday afternoon, and the conversation was deftly steered around to home-brewed beer. The young man boasted that his father brewed beer that could not be equalled.

The farmer at once vehemently ordered up a mug of his own favourite brew. When it appeared, the German raised it to his lips, and drank every drop without taking breath. Then, holding the empty mug to the disappointed young fellow, he said gravely:

"You say your father's is better as mine! Just schmell dot mug!"

Picked Pars.

Saving Claws.

A lady's maid, when attacked at Sheringham by a man, managed to scratch her assailant's face. This led to his identification and a subsequent sentence of six months' imprisonment.

Yelping Telephone.

The French telephone authorities have invented a new apparatus which is to be called the "howler." It is to prevent anyone from forgetting to replace his receiver at the end of a call, and emits a sound resembling that of a dog in pain.

Oldest Newspaper.

It is stated that the *Peking Gazette* has been suspended, owing to the denunciations of a certain censor. The *PEKING GAZETTE* is the oldest newspaper in the world, having first begun publication in the ninth century, or a little over a thousand years ago.

A Shock for Reform.

The wonders of wireless telegraphy are growing. Mr. Charles N. Farmer, assistant city electrician of Berkeley, California, is experimenting with a scheme to call policemen from their beats by this means. A simple apparatus of compact form, which policemen will carry in their helmets, is the means by which he hopes to revolutionise the police and fire alarm systems.

With the Times.
An enterprising firm of motor-repairers at Aylmham have had painted in bold letters on the roof of their premises the words: "Aeroplane Repaired."

Last of the Windmills.

The last remaining windmill at Farnmouth was sold recently for demolition. At one time Farnmouth resembled a Dutch town from its number of windmills.

Firemen in Fancy Dress.

While ambulance drill was in progress at the Central Fire Station, Hornsey, a call was received, and some of the men went to the fire without waiting to remove their surgical wrappings.

Hog-faced Aliens.

The Board of Health of Pittsburgh (U.S.) has been asked to exert its efforts to rid the city of snails. The snails are four inches long, and are what is known as the "hog-faced" variety. They come from China.

Puss in Prison.

A burglar who was sentenced at the Clerkenwell Sessions recently is known as the "Cat." He is an expert climber of stackpipes, and has on several occasions ascended to a great height by this means in order to reach windows. Once he stripped a roof of its tiles to gain entry to a house.

A Few Items of Fact that will Interest You.

After the Fugent.

Among the purchases of costumes worn at the Liverpool pageant were several West African merchants, who realised that many of the gaudy clowns would find a profitable market among West Coast natives.

Horse or Ostrich?

In an action brought at Salford over the sale of a horse, the plaintiff said that it not only ate all its food and part of its bedding, but consumed half the manger, and then started on one of the beams of the stable.

Lots of 'em About.

Because it so frequently broke down, a certain motor-omnibus was nicknamed by the company's employees the "old grey mare," it was stated at Marylebone County Court. The "old grey mare," it was said, went out about twice a week generally, broke down on the first trip, and remained stationary for the rest of the day.

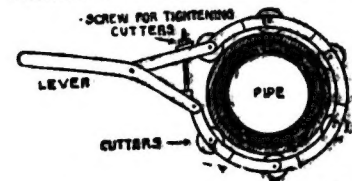
Noseless Friend.

A recent performance of *Faust* at Covent Garden was marked by an amusing incident. Signor Luppi, the Mephistopheles, wore a false nose, which fell on the stage through the melting of the gum that held it in place. Some of the audience laughed, but Signor Luppi ignored the incident, and went on with his part. He was heartily cheered at the end of the act.

Picture Pars. (See footnote.)

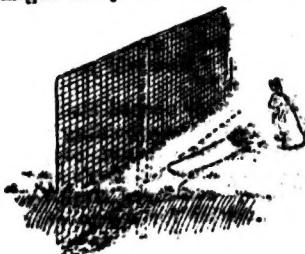
A PIPE-CUTTER.

THE illustration shows an ingenious tool which is used for the purpose of cutting iron or steel pipes. It consists of a number of sharp, circular cutters set in an adjustable ring, which can be enlarged or contracted by means of a screw. The pipe is placed in the centre of this instrument, which is then gently screwed up, and by means of a lever worked backwards and forwards until the pipe is cut through. Owing to the number of cutters at work the action is very rapid.



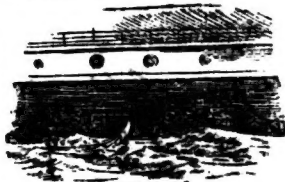
TO BAFFLE BUNNY.

THE illustration shows the construction of a wire fence used in Australia to keep rabbits out of inclosures. These little animals are a perfect pest in some parts of the Antipodes. They possess the power of burrowing to an extraordinary depth, and the farmers found that however far down they might carry an ordinary wire fencing, Brer Rabbit would invariably be able to go one better. The difficulty was eventually got over by turning up the wire fencing under ground as shown in the picture. This proved successful, because rabbits always burrow in as close to a fence as possible. Directly they come across the turned-up fencing they abandon their attempt in disgust, and hurry off to make another effort further along the fence. But disappointments of this nature soon damp their ardour.



CONDENSING STEAM AT SEA.

FROM a small hole just above the water line in the starboard side of a steamer, one may notice a thin stream of water trickling down into the sea. This is not, as some landmen suppose, bilge water thrown out by a pump. It has already been sucked up from the sea and passed through the ship's condenser. Its purpose is to condense the steam which has already been used to drive the ship's engine. This exhaust steam, after being condensed, is carried back to the boilers and boiled over again. The water which comes out of the ship's side is in continual circulation, so that it may always be cold when passing through the condenser.



TYRE BENDING.

LIKE most other things nowadays, the iron tyres which are used for wheels are constructed by machinery. In certain country districts, however, where there is no tyre bending machine within easy reach, wheelwrights generally make use of this simple but ingenious instrument illustrated in the picture. It can be very cheaply constructed, the base being made of wood and also the lever, while the remainder is made of iron. The strip of iron which is to be the tyre for a wheel is placed under the loop marked 2 and is pushed in while the lever 1 is worked up and down. The circumference of the tyre is regulated by unscrewing the nut A and shifting the plate 3 either nearer or else further away from the loop, which will make the tyre smaller or larger as required.



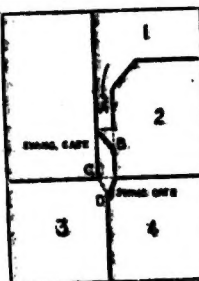
INSTEAD OF CUTTING CORKS.

AFTER withdrawing a cork from a bottle the former rapidly expands, and when one wishes to replace it one frequently finds that it has become too large for the purpose. The usual remedy in such cases is to pare pieces off the side. This, however, is seldom satisfactory, for the cork, as a rule, is far from airtight, and in some cases will not even keep the liquid in. A better way is to place it on the floor and roll it backwards and forwards with one's foot, putting a certain amount of pressure on it. After a few minutes of this persuasive treatment it will have become fairly soft and can be inserted in the bottle without difficulty.



SEPARATING SHEEP.

ANYONE with a slight knowledge of sheep will realise the difficulty of dividing up a large flock consisting of wethers, ewes, and lambs into their respective varieties. By the aid of what is known as a drafting race, however, this apparently heart-breaking task may be accomplished easily enough. The flock is first of all collected in pen 1, and then driven up the passageway "race" marked A. At B there is a gate leading into pen 2 with a man in charge. Every time a lamb comes by he shuts his gate across the passage and thus opens the way into the pen. He then closes the gate again, and allows the rest of the flock to go on to C. Here there is another man working a gate on exactly the same principle, putting the ewes into pen 3 and the wethers into pen 4.



Personal Pars.

Rules for Youth.

MRS. PAUL, writing in a French magazine on the question, "How to remain young," says: "Since the age of forty I have followed an absolute rigorous system. I have only drunk a little white wine and soda-water, except an occasional glass of champagne. I sleep always with the window open, in winter as well as in summer. To eat moderately, to manage one's hygiene as not to increase in weight, that is my secret." A native of Madrid, the famous singer is now sixty-four.

Wary Bachelor.

SIR RUDOLPH SLATES PASHA, of the Egyptian Army, who has been promoted to the rank of Major-General in the British Army, is an Austrian by birth. He was captured by the Mahdists in the Sudan in 1884, and after fourteen years' imprisonment made his escape. Now fifty years old, he is a bachelor. A lady once asked him at a dinner table why he remained unmarried, and Sir Rudolph set the party in a roar by exclaiming: "I had already been prisoner fourteen years—never more!"

Kentish Men.

VISCOUNT TERRINGTON, who has come of age, belongs to a notable naval family. The first peer, born in Kent in 1663, captured Gibraltar in 1704 and defeated the French and Spanish fleets on several occasions. His fourth son was the Admiral John Byng who was executed in 1757 for failing to relieve Minorca—a sentence now designated a "judicial murder." The present Viscount, whose ancestral home is at Maidstone, in Kent, was formerly a page of honour to Queen Victoria.

Business First.

SIR ALFRED, "BANANA" JONES, the well-known Liverpool shipowner, is a keen business man. Speaking at a luncheon in the City, he admitted that, a night or two before, he had found time to go to the theatre. "I did not stay long, because I could not make much there," added Sir Alfred jocularly. Born in 1846 at Carmarthen, Sir Alfred is a bachelor.

Pilgrim Peer.

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK, who is a devout Catholic, had charge on one occasion of a party of pilgrims to Rome. The hotel was so crowded that it was found necessary to place two men to one room. One gentleman was most indignant at this, and insisted on having a separate chamber. The Duke said he would do his best, and after a deal of trouble succeeded in arranging what was wanted. Next day the complainant, to his intense chagrin, discovered that it was the Duke himself who was to have been his companion!

Victor's Return.

Now appointed Inspector-General of the Forces, General Sir John French may be said to have reached the top of his profession. As is well known, he made his great reputation during the Boer War. One recalls the scene when he landed at Southampton in 1902. Loud cries of "French! French!" were raised, and the General, looking very nervous, was pushed to the front. His short speech was drowned in a sea of laughter, however, for he began: "I have to thank you very much for drinking my health—I beg your pardon, I mean your kind reception."

A Few Facts About Well-known People.

Author's Slip.

SPEAKING in the House of Commons, Sir Gilbert Parker, the novelist, said that the Chancellor of the Exchequer was very diplomatic and polite to the Colonial Premiers at the Conference. "Oh!" said Mr. Asquith, starting up. "I thought I had slammed the door in their faces." "Yes," replied Sir Gilbert, very much taken aback and not quite knowing what to say, "but that was after they had turned their backs!" The members laughed heartily at this "bull."

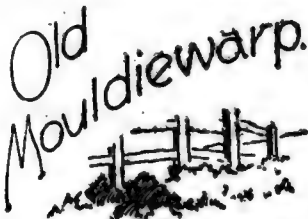
Pigeon Plucking.

Now seventy-seven years of age, the Right Hon. Sir James Mathew was, before his retirement last year, for long the senior judge on the Bench. He was a judge for twenty-five years, and he is one of the few surviving counsel of the great Tinkhorn case. In a certain action on one occasion the plaintiff objected to the term of "moneylender," saying that he had many other interests besides this. "For instance," he added, "I am devoted to birds." "Pigeons?" asked Sir James.

Magistrate's Regrets.

SOON after Sir Edward Mass, the founder of the well-known Empire Music-halls, had been made a magistrate in Scotland a hulking ruffian was brought before him on a charge of wife-beating. The case being proved, Sir Edward told the scoundrel that he was glad to have an opportunity of punishing him. "I will give you the full limit that the law allows me," said he—"three months' hard labour, and I am only sorry I cannot book you for the whole tour."

A pencil-case will be given to the sender of each original illustrated paragraph accepted and used on this page.
Address your envelope to The Page Six Editor, Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.



The Life of a Mole. By One of Them.

I DON'T imagine that many of my readers have ever seen one of the members of my family alive. It would be a most difficult task, for we are generally underground. It is only in the warmest summer evening that we venture into the shade of a hedge, and then only for a short time in order that we may enjoy a few snails or slugs.

But let me tell you something of my appearance and habits. I am bottle-shaped, and you will understand why that is so. As I am continually boring my way through fresh earth so I am formed for that purpose. I have short limbs, a short tail, but a long muzzle. My coat is of a blackish colour, and my feet are flesh-coloured.

Every part of my body has a special work to do. Take my nose, for example. I have a small bone at the end, and so I can overcome any obstacle.

But my paws are my great excavators. Put the backs of your hands together and that represents their position. They are broad and shovel like in addition to being covered with a strong horny skin. My claws enable me to scrape away any earth while the paws shovel it out.

My fur coat is one of the strangest facts in Nature. Why is this, you ask? Well, it stands straight up from my body. No other animal has this same peculiarity, and so I am able to run along narrow passages without being impeded in any way. Imagine a cat in one of our streets. When it attempted to run backwards its fur would prevent it from doing so.

THE GREAT DISAPPEARANCE ACT.

I am one of the most untiring of creatures, and it is necessary that I should be able to move with great rapidity. Some of you may have seen a dead member of our family. Could you find the eyes? They are small and quite hidden with fur. In fact, you have to press the fur on one side before you notice them. I do not use them very often, for I am in darkness; so the fur prevents earth from entering them.

I wish you could catch one of us alive, and just for experiment put us on the grass in a field. In three seconds the mole would be out of sight. His nose would first of all disappear. Three strokes and his body would have also gone, and all that you would see would be his hind legs giving a kind of kick in the air. I can travel along one of our passages as quickly as a horse can trot.

But allow me to tell you of some of my habits. Do you know that I am a very good swimmer; I am very fond of water and also of fighting. Whenever two of us meet in one of the passages we have a "go." You see, we can't pass each other because the street is just the size of our bodies. We are fiercer than tigers for our size.

But I must tell you about my teeth and appetite. I am one of the greediest creatures alive. My teeth are strong and pointed. I eat every day as much as the total weight of my body. I am not afraid of tackling a frog, and am prepared, if necessary, to drag it down to our subterranean city. Mice are also good to eat, but a worm is my favourite meal. In winter, when everything is quite cold, I have to bore in all directions to obtain my food.

BORE MANY MILES A WEEK.

All living things from my point of view have retreated further inside the earth. Thus, I bore many miles a week, for if I go without food for twelve hours I die from starvation.

Farmers hate us. They see the chain of molehills across their fields, so they conclude that their prospects of a good harvest are endangered. Now, we do quite a good work on their behalf. We eat all the grubs of the wire worms and the "leather jacket," which feeds on the roots of plants.

Here is a hint for you should you wish to discover one of our nests. Don't dig just below the molehill. What you must find is a small passage. Follow this for some few yards, and you will arrive at our central chamber. This is about five or six inches in diameter. A mole never throws up earth in one of the main streets of the town. It is only in the side-walks that this is done.

We moles live alone for the greater part of the year. My house is my own; I may use some of the high roads of the City, but generally my life is a lonely one. But the married people of our race live very happily together. Their house is lined with grass, fine roots, and dried leaves. A poor female of my acquaintance was once caught in a trap. The "head" of the family was found lying dead beside her. He had kept her company until he had died from starvation.



Our Heart Specialist Gives Some Sound Advice to Young Men.

THIS ordinary young man may be depended on to do a good few foolish things in his day, but he can commit no greater indiscretion than allow love and girls to claim his attention and occupy his mind at too early an age. By doing so he courts failure.

Usually, a young fellow has a great deal to do in this world, and, after his more youthful years are over, one of his chief duties is to work hard, and labour strenuously in order to lay the foundation upon which success may ultimately rest. That is clearly a young man's first duty as a unit of the Empire.

If he begins to think of love-making and girls at any age between, say, seventeen and twenty-one, his mind is removed from work, and he becomes muddled. His work really demands full concentration; he refuses to give it. The result is that his work suffers, and if he permits himself to be firmly gripped by that youthful male disease, "girl-on-the-brain," the chances are that he will prove a ghastly failure.

The fact of the matter is that your average young man should have no time even to think of love and girls. One thing, and one thing only should occupy his whole attention—work, with success as the goal. Of course, it may be granted that love is a rather hard thing to keep in the background; it has a distressing habit of obtruding itself, no matter what one does; but the sensible young man, he who considers things, ought to realise that, so far as he himself is concerned, work is a much more important thing than love.

He should very clearly realise that if, later on, he is to make any headway with real love-making, he has first of all to make great headway with work.

A young man before he begins to think of love and girls should be earning a very fair salary. The man who begins to think of girls when his salary is perhaps fifteen shillings a week is an idiot, and an idiot he will likely remain all along. But the sensible fellow of, say, four or five and twenty, who has never given a thought to girls, and who is in receipt of a salary of, maybe, £100 per annum, is quite justified in devoting a portion of his time to the lighter sides of life, and love may be considered to belong to that lighter side.

Yet even he should not devote too much time to love-making, for there is just the chance that, if he allows love to dominate him to any great extent, he may begin to slip backwards by reason of neglecting his work.

Indeed, one may say that it takes a very sensible young fellow indeed to fall in love at five and twenty. He must realise just exactly whether love-making or strict attention to work is likely to pay him best, which means that he must be able to blend matters that his love-making in no way interferes with his attention to duty. The unfortunate thing is that far too many young fellows look upon love-making as their chief duty. It occupies them entirely, and, as a result, business suffers to a deplorable extent.

I have known a good few young men whose lives were practically blighted through falling in love too early. No, they were not callow, empty-headed boys, but grown young men of four or five and twenty, who, to all appearances, were in every way sensible and practical. But, unhappily, they had not learned the art of so working and so making love, that the one did not come into collision with the other.

Love-making, no doubt, is a very fine thing; but, so far as a young man is concerned, work is far better, and far more wholesome. A young fellow has got to make certain that the basis of his future is secure ere he even begins to think of laying the foundation of love, and it would be well if every young man could keep that in mind.

I am a strong advocate in favour of young men beginning to court early in life—not girls, but success. Let a young man begin to court success at an early age, and he will be a made man within a reasonable space of time in all probability.

Let him, however, begin to court girls too early, and he dooms himself, in nine cases out of ten, to remain in that most deplorable of all ruts, mediocrity-cum-semi-poverty.

As a matter of fact, it is utter madness for a young fellow to permit love to grip him in its toils too early in life.

I may be asked, does the same rule apply to what is termed, "an innocent flirtation"? It does. There is nothing more upsetting to the average undeveloped mind than the "innocent flirtation."

It occupies the thoughts, takes away the attention from what it should be fixed on, and, in a general way, does a young man a great deal of harm. It does not affect young women in the same way. It is natural to them, just as work ought to be natural to all young men.

WHEN two sailors come to "part brass rags," that is, to quarrel, there is generally hope of reconciliation, unless one has called the other a (sailor's favourite adjective) soldier.

Jack Tar may reflect unfavourably upon his chum's parentage, appearance, and manners, and the breach may still be healed. But for one sailor to call another a soldier is an unforgivable insult.

Now, Jack's contempt for Tommy Atkins is rather puzzling, for in many respects it would seem that the latter has by far the better time of it, and that compared with a sailor he is to be envied rather than despised. Take, for a beginning, the discipline to which Jack and Tommy are respectively subjected.

To civilian eyes the military penal code is severe enough, but it is leniency itself compared with the harsh and even oppressive laws of the sister service, where men are heavily punished for venial offences. Moreover, the sailor is at the mercy of his commanding officer in a way that the soldier is not. The captain of a man-of-war is an autocrat, almost with powers of life and death, whereas the commanding officer of a regiment has very limited powers of punishment, and a soldier is not liable to be "broke" on the strength of one man's will, as the sailor is.

JACK THE GLORIFIED HOUSEMAID.

Then take their respective duties. Tommy's work in time of peace is certainly monotonous and not very intellectual in character, but it is not half so wearisome and back and mind breaking as Jack's. "Spit and polish" may often bulk unduly in the soldier's day's work, but it is seldom, if ever, carried to the excess it is in the Navy, where the men spend the greater part of their time as glorified housemaids, interminably cleaning, painting, polishing; polishing, painting, cleaning.

In other respects, too, Jack's work is of an essentially monotonous character, and he is frequently put to absolutely useless tasks rather than that he should appear for a moment to be idle.

In regard to pay, there is little to choose between the A.B. and the private soldier, and it is fair to admit that what difference there is in favour of the former. But against this must be placed the fact that a good slice of Jack's pay is swallowed up in his mouth. In other words, the sailor, unless he is to starve, has to feed himself out of his own pocket. Tommy Atkins, on the other hand, is almost as well fed as a modern workhouse inmate, and gets an excellence and variety of fare unknown on a battleship.

Moreover, Jack's pay is heavily docked in other ways, and he does not get anything like the clear weekly pocket money that falls to the share of the despised "lobster."

Barrack-rooms still leave much to be desired in the way of privacy, cheerfulness, and comfort, but they are Carlton Hotels compared with Jack's living and sleeping accommodation. However, those who go to sea must expect cramped quarters; but, at the same time, it would seem that in their living arrangements sailors have to "pig" it in an unnecessary degree.

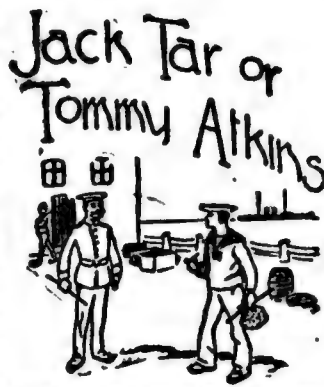
NOT LEFT TO ROT IN THE GUTTER.

Then, it is hardly necessary to insist on the greater freedom and opportunities for recreation the soldier enjoys. Jack's spells ashore are brief and infrequent, whilst on board ship he has practically no time for amusement, even were he encouraged to indulge in it, which he is not.

So, then, it would seem that in discipline, work, pay, food, amusement, and the general conditions of his life, the soldier is infinitely better off than the sailor. Yet the Navy is more popular with enlisting lads than the Army. Why is this, and does the sailor, after all, have a better time than the soldier?

Well, Jack has a popularity and prestige that Tommy has not, except perhaps when the "guns begin to shoot." Jack is welcome wherever he goes, "cold shoulder" more often than not is Tommy's portion. But probably the chief reason for the greater popularity of the Navy is to be found in the fact that it is exceptional to find an old sailor selling matches in the street or otherwise right "down on his luck," whereas instances of old soldiers reduced to beggary are painfully common.

The Navy treats its men severely, but, at all events, it sees to it that they are not left to rot in the gutter after a few years' service. It offers a lifelong profession to the able and willing man, and, above all, it does not unfit the man for civilian life as is so often the case with the Army.



Which has the Better Time of it?

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.



*Telling of a Girl
who had to choose
between a Master-
ful Lover and an
Invalid Brother,
and the way she
chose.*

By MILDRED CASTLE.

It was only a plain English farmhouse, marred by necessary repairs and alterations of three generations, but to Maggie Coulthard it looked, in the bright spring sunshine, the sweetest spot on earth, suggesting all that made life dear to her in the past or present.

Very vivid was the memory recalled by two half-opened rosebuds which nodded to her in the breeze. For it was over two just such buds that she and her boy lover had exchanged vows eight years ago, ere he sailed for America to seek his fortune. Then they had climbed the hill together, and Jack, always masterful and disliking scenes, had decided that she should come no further, but, standing on the brow, with her pink sun-bonnet falling back on her shoulders and her curls flying in the wind, should send him away with the picture in his mind he would most love to dwell upon when far away.

And she had acted her part to the letter, and, with the bloom of health and happiness on her cheeks, and laughter in her soft brown eyes, had waved him a last "Good-bye" as he turned the corner, and then thrown herself upon the ground and wept her girlish misery into the crown of her bonnet.

And to-day Jack was coming over that same hill to claim fulfillment of her promise.

And her back was towards its summit, and her face turned to the house with an almost agonised expression. For through her mind ran some words spoken by Jack long ago, when she pleaded for the life of an ailing puppy—"Get rid of it, there is no room for helpless things in the world, they only hinder the rest."

And Bobbie was inside that house, and Jack had not seen Bobbie. He had come a year after her lover had gone, his birth being the continuation of the tragedy begun with her father's cruel death. When her dying mother placed the misshapen little heap in Maggie's arms as a trust, girlhood, for her, rolled back into the past, and womanhood, with all its capacity for self-sacrifice, took its place. She had been with Bobbie this morning to place flowers on their mother's grave; it was, and always would be, the limit of the invalid's daily walk.

Maggie had never summoned courage to tell Jack the whole truth about Bobbie—only that by her mother's death she had become his guardian. And he had answered that there was plenty of room in America for capable boys, such as her brother was sure to be, and they would bring him along together soon, for the yellow rose was a wonderful stimulant, and he was rising rapidly.

Then his letters became shorter and less frequent, and too full of his own concerns to leave any opening for mention of Bobbie, and she thought he had forgotten his existence. Besides, if the doctor's predictions were true, Bobbie would soon join the angels, and Jack need never know.

But the doctors were wrong, and he was still with her, and in those long years of helpless dependence, had so twined himself round her heart as to be part of her life itself, to be given up for nothing the world could possibly offer.

And now her back was towards the path by which Jack must come, and, instead of a pink sun-bonnet, she wore a plain brown hat that matched her dress.

Suddenly, at sound of the well-remembered voice, her heart began to throb wildly.

"So it is you, after all! I was not quite sure, as you stood so still. By Jove, I believe I half-expected to see you on the top of the hill, wearing the pink sun-bonnet just as I left you. Fashions change here, I suppose, as they do in America," he added, looking down at her with curious earnestness.

"Yes; that was eight years ago," she said lamely, holding out her hand. And then she flushed crimson, as she interpreted the surprised scrutiny of his gaze.

She did not tell him that she had playfully donned the pink sun-bonnet that morning, and then, shocked at the picture she saw in the glass, had hastily returned it to its hiding-place.

"It does not seem so long, but that, I suppose, is because I have been so busy. I guess it would take away the breath of you Cumberland folk to see the way we 'hustle' out West."

And then, as she seemed incapable of response, he rattled on, and gave a graphic account of his successful efforts, all the while taking mental notes of the girl who walked so quietly at his side. Yes, her face was certainly that of a Madonna, more than ever so now that the curls had gone. But how would a Madonna face suit his recent surroundings! He had long ago decided that a picturesque sun-bonnet—with money in its strings—might well become a fashionable fad. But this dress and hat!

And did he really like soft brown eyes better than merry blue ones?

It was partly to decide that question that he had suddenly come to England. For the father of a certain blue-eyed girl he had left behind was an influential man, with one foot on the steps of the White House itself, and perhaps—

But the girl at his side was his affianced wife, and they were nearing the house. But surely she must be very tired or ill, for her face looked ghastly white in the sunlight.

broad daylight? Ah, I see, you have grown nervous in the absence of your natural protectors. We must alter all that. Ah, here is Peggy! You, at least, are not changed. I am going to have a good feast of oysters before I staid you for letting your mistress mope her colour away."

"Ah, shure, now, Mr. Jack, I'm reet glad to see ye, but a thinks that's verra kittle Coomberlan' left about ye, by the looks on't," she added in her blunt way. And then she glanced apprehensively towards the doorway through which Maggie had passed.

"And this is Bobbie," the girl said, as she turned with an almost appealing look in her pitying eyes.

"Ah—h—!" So this is Bobbie," he breathed, rather than said, as he moved towards the couch from which Bobbie, in loyal obedience to instructions, was holding out his hand.

"How do you do, Bobbie?"

With evident effort he took the wan little fingers within his own, touched the upturned face with his lips, and with a perceptible shiver slid into the chair with its back to the window.

The little fellow, accustomed to loving caresses from those about him, turned inquiringly to Maggie, but derived no information from the downcast eyes which dared not meet his own.

"And how old are you, Bobbie?" said the man presently, impressed with the necessity of saying something.

"I am nearly seven now. I am going to have a new crutch on my birthday."

"Ah—h—!" The silence became almost insupportable, and disaster was only averted by Roger, who noisily demanded usual attentions.

Very feeble was the onslaught on Peggy's cakes, and when the pretence could no longer be kept up, Jack Holloway asked to be excused while he refreshed his memory by a stroll round the farm, and Maggie relieved her overburdened soul by showering kisses upon the unconscious cause of the trouble he could not understand.

With tact born of perfect sympathy, Bobbie asked no questions, and was only a little quieter than his wont when Maggie announced her intention of preparing him for bed before the usual hour.

Peggy had hinted to Bobbie the object of the man's visit, but he loyally forebore to mention it. But when Maggie came to kiss him "Good-night," he noticed that she had changed into a prettier dress, and drew sobbing inference.

No doubt Maggie was beautiful. So much Jack Holloway was forced to admit, as she came bare-headed to meet him on the bridge, the setting sun lighting up the glossy waves of her gold-brown hair.

Her first dread over, the excitement of the afternoon had brought a flush to her cheek, and he saw her as the sweetheart of old. But she had deceived him by suppressing an important fact, and "Was it fair? Why did you not tell me?" he asked, as if she must have read his thoughts—as, indeed, she had.

"I could not; I knew your dislike of everything unpleasant or helpless, and I was afraid you might say something I dared not answer."

"You had no right to keep from me a fact that you must have known would influence our future. You should have known that I would keep my promise, and—"

"Jack, will you let me tell you?" said the now trembling girl, as she grasped the rail of the bridge for support.

"After my first letter about Bobbie, you never gave me a chance of saying anything more about him. Your letters were so full of your successful work that I could see you had no room even for a memory of him, and not much for myself, and then when they got shorter and shorter, and finally ceased, I concluded that the old dream of your youth had gone, and some other had taken its place. But I clung the closer to Bobbie, and for years we have been all in all to each other"—and her voice broke.

"Of course, I understand you are very fond of each other, but, hang it all, something is due to the man you promised to marry, and who has come all this way to fetch you. I do not think you quite understand my position. It is such that I could now aspire to the hand of one of the proudest women in the States."

"I gathered that long ago, Jack," she said with a wan smile, "so that it was something of a shock, after six months' silence, to hear you were coming for me. Forgive me, Jack, we were very young—the years have gone on, and Time has taken toll from both of us."

There was a quiet dignity in the girl's manner that had its effect. Refinement was not a leading characteristic of some he remembered, and, perhaps, in other clothes and amid other surroundings.

"I am still willing to carry out my part of the contract," he said. "My presence here proves that, but, of course, we could not take—"

"No, we could not take Bobbie," she said hastily. "Steamboats rarely carry Angels, I suppose."

The man's private opinion was that American money could compel steamboats to carry anything, but he would be a party to no such freight.

"You are not so robust as when I left you," he said presently. "I must ask Peggy how you employ yourself. I suppose she is still with you, and makes scones and oat cakes as usual? It makes me hungry to think of them. Ah, here is our old friend Roger!" he added, as a splendid retriever bounded out to meet them. "No! Is it thought?"

"This is Roger's son. His sire lies at the foot of his master. Young Roger has been keeping guard."

"Keeping guard in the broad daylight? Ah, I see, you have grown nervous in the absence of your natural protectors. We must alter all that. Ah, here is Peggy! You, at least, are not changed. I am going to have a good feast of oysters before I staid you for letting your mistress mope her colour away."

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The man's private opinion was that American money could compel steamboats to carry anything, but he would be a party to no such freight.

"Then could you leave him with Peggy?"

"Leave Bobbie? No, I could never leave Bobbie. You would not understand if I tried to explain. But it is quite impossible. Shall we say 'Good-bye' to the dream for the future, and think only of the time when we were boy and girl together?"

This was certainly the only possible conclusion, but he expected a little more regret at the loss of such a brilliant prospect.

"You had no right to bring me over on a fool's errand," he said hotly, "and then dismiss me with all the coolness of an accomplished hand for the sake of a chit who has robbed you of your youth, and at the best can last but a few miserable years. Have you thought of your loneliness when he is gone?"

Aye, often and often had the trembling girl tortured herself with that thought, but the cruelty of it from the lips of the man facing her destroyed the last vestige of past romance, and decided that he, at least, was not the one to fill that awful void.

"I do not think we need discuss that," she said quietly.

"Our relations are entirely with the past. Good-bye, let us think as kindly as we can of each other for its sake." And, with a step which had regained its firmness, she retraced her steps to the house.

A slight rustle in Bobbie's room made her stop at his door and listen. "Please, God," came in quivering tones from the kneeling figure on the bed, "take me up to mother before Maggie goes away, and then Roger can go and take care of her. And please let Peggy bring flowers for both—white ones for me, and yellow ones for mother. And please, God, don't let me cry any more, and then Maggie won't know how bad I feel."

"Please, God, I like white roses best of all, then snow-drops. Jesus sake, Amen."

With noiseless footsteps Maggie slid through to her own room and eased her bursting heart with a fit of weeping.

Then, calming herself, she went and stood by the side of the cot, where Bobbie lay perfectly still, feigning sleep.

"Bobbie," she said softly, "I have good news for you, Maggie is not going away. We are going to be together always, darling."

With a cry of joy, the little fellow raised himself in bed and threw his arms round her neck. "Oh, I am so glad, Maggie," and then with a long look at her drawn, white face, "and so sorry, too."

A few hours later, a solitary letter, wet with tears, and containing within its folds a withered rose, was carefully replaced in the old bureau. In the grate lay a heap of burnt ashes, sole remains of the eight years' pile. It was Father Time's receipt for the toll he had exacted.

DIDN'T MATTER MUCH.

WOULD-BE PASSENGER (out of breath from running): "When does the half-past-five train leave?"

Porter: "Five-thirty."

Passenger: "Well, the church clock is twenty-seven minutes past, the post-office clock is twenty-five minutes past, and your clock is thirty-two minutes. Now, which clock am I to go by?"

Porter: "Yer can go by any clock yer like, but yer can't go by the train, for it's gone."

"Hope you weren't riled because I told that capital story of yours, were you, old fellow?" inquired a "funny" society man. "It went down immense, didn't it? You don't mind?"

"Certainly not," replied the owner of the joke. "I told it myself just before you came in!"

LIVES LOST THROUGH LEGACIES.

LEGACIES are generally considered rather desirable things, but Frau Braune, of Dusseldorf, found them otherwise.

Left £500 under the will of a relative early this year, on condition that she restored certain monuments in a mortuary chapel, she discovered, too late, that the outlay involved was nearly thrice the sum she had inherited. Bankruptcy proceedings followed, and the other day the poor woman, finding herself penniless, and driven to distraction, took poison and died.

Nor is her case an altogether unique one. When the City of Glasgow Bank failed, several people who had been left shares in it found themselves utterly ruined, and two of them committed suicide. The company was an unlimited liability one, and the shareholders, consequently, were called upon to make good the depositors' money to the uttermost farthing out of their own private fortunes.

There are, too, plenty of instances on record of people who have been left legacies literally drinking themselves to death with the money. More have thrown it away in all sorts of senseless extravagance, and then, in despair, put an end to their lives.

Others, quite blameless in this respect, have found themselves involved in law suits, the worry of which has killed them. A famous case of this kind was the outcome of the eccentricity of a certain Mr. Peter Thelluson, an affluent London merchant, who left £600,000 to his heirs, but so hedged it round with ridiculous restrictions that nobody, except the lawyers, benefited thereby.

That one will result in nearly fifty years of litigation, and every one of the original legatees died heart-broken, without having received a single penny of their legacies.

The terrible story of the loss of the Drummond Castle, as told by a survivor, forms a sad but powerful feature of this month's ROYAL.



How the total value of European cities is increasing with every year that passes and how you can secure a handsome share in that wealth without the slightest risk.

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Look at Brussels, with its half a million inhabitants, its manufacturers of lace, furniture, bronze, and leather work, its £2,000,000 "Palais de Justice," the greatest architectural work of the last 100 years.

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returns to holders of the Municipal Bonds (for particulars of these, see presentation Blue Book which may be obtained free of all charge from the International Securities Syndicate, Westminster Palace Gardens, Victoria Street, London, S.W.)

Look at Amsterdam and Vienna, Venice and Liège, and all those ancient, flourishing, and wealthy towns of France and the Low Countries, Ghent and Ostend, and Verviers, Marseilles, Lyons, and Amiens.

Would you not like to share in the wealth that is theirs? Would you not give a good deal to hold securities issued by their Municipalities, which would give you the opportunity of sharing in their earnings, even to the extent of thousands of pounds?

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This book has brought about the greatest change of financial ideas in Great Britain within the last few months that has ever taken place in so short a time. Thousands of men and women having read its contents have learned for the first time what the power of a little money actually is.

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In this book you will see how you can invest or deposit any sum of money you like in a first-class City of Paris Municipal Security paying interest at the rate of 4 per cent. These investments we might here mention are extremely popular with all classes among the inhabitants of Guyuteba, seeing that they are not only as safe as Consols or any other gilt-edged security, but are also far more remunerative than any other investment—safe or hazardous—in the world

You can, as we have said, invest your money in this safe municipal stock and draw your 4 per cent. interest. But in addition to this every three months you are given opportunity after opportunity of earning besides a net profit of £8,000, £2,000, £400, £200, or £80 paid to the bondholders in the form of bonuses or premiums out of the abundant wealth of the City of Paris.

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And here, on page 48, are details which show how you may deposit any sum from 2s. 6d. a week upwards, or invest any sum from £8 each upwards, in French Government Stock, regarding which there is guaranteed a minimum profit of 100 per cent to every depositor and investor who, in addition to this, obtains 366 opportunities every twelve months of a return ranging in value from £20,000 each downwards.

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Write at once. Here is certainly an unparalleled opportunity for you. For this book, which makes extremely interesting reading, and which may be the means of earning you a Fortune of thousands of pounds can be obtained by you free of all charge or obligation whatsoever.—[Adv't.]

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EVERY time the Autumn chilly weather comes round do your hands and face assume a nasty roughness, often breaking out, perhaps, in painful cracks and sores?

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Smear Zam-Buk on at night, and wear an old pair of gloves till morning. The effect of the application of Zam-Buk is delightfully cooling and soothing. Its pure, rich herbal essences—which have set it on a pinnacle apart from ordinary ointments and lotions polluted by animal fats and minerals—instantly soak into and thoroughly permeate the tissues of the skin, softening, purifying, and healing in a perfectly natural way—the unique Zam-Buk way.

ZAM-BUK'S GREAT VALUE, EITHER AS A PROTECTIVE OR AS A CORRECTIVE, CANNOT BE OVER-ESTIMATED. ALWAYS KEEP IT BY YOU.

Miss E. GARRATT, 23 Buckland Hill, Maidstone, writes: "I used to suffer very badly from cold-sores on my lips and deep cracks in my hands, but through using Zam-Buk they are now quite well."

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Miss M. GAZDOFF, 55 Gresham Road, Heston Road, The Forest, Leicester, writes: "Every winter I have suffered from severe chilblains in my hands and feet. This year

my hands and feet were in a terrible state, but after using two boxes of Zam-Buk, I was completely cured." Mr. T. WATSON, 31 High Street, Marylebone, London, W., writes: "I have much pleasure in letting you know what a wonderful cure I have had by using your Zam-Buk. Every winter I was subject to chapped hands, and have often been so troubled that I could do nothing without pain. I was even afraid to wash them. Since I used Zam-Buk my hands are like velvet. I will recommend your balm to all I know who have any skin trouble."

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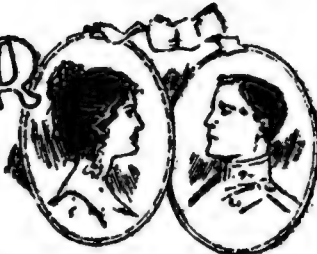
A Story of the Indian Mutiny.



THE RED YEAR

By LOUIS TRACY.

Author of "The Final War," "Rainbow Island," etc., etc.



WHEWEL MALCOLM.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN (continued). In the Vortex.

FRANK found some gram in a sack, and a quantity of hay. All provender was alike to Nejd so long as it was toothsome. He was soon busily engaged, and Malcolm resolved to avoid observation by grooming him when anyone passed whose gaze might be too inquisitive.

He took care that sword and revolver were handy. It was hard to tell what line and cry might be raised by the troopers against whom the guards had closed the Lahore Gate. Perhaps they were searching for two men, and the finding of one horse in charge of a chaprassi might suggest that the rider of the other and his companion had dodged through the Delhi Gate.

Again, his pursuers might have galloped straight to the other exit, and thus made certain that he was still in the palace. If that were so, and they ferreted him out, as well die here as elsewhere. Meanwhile, he chewed philosophically at a few grains of the gram, and awaited the outcome of events that were now beyond his control.

A wild swirl of wind and rain seemed to favour him. There was not much traffic past his retreat, and that little ceased when a deluge lashed the dry earth and clouds of vapour rose as though the water were beating on an oven. Now and again a syce hurried past, his head and shoulders enveloped in a sack. Once a party of sepoy troopers trod through the mud towards the water bastion of the palace, and the men whom they had relieved came back the same way a few minutes later.

Nejd had seldom been groomed so vigorously as during the passing of these detachments, but no one gave the slightest heed to the cavalry officer who was engaged on such an unusual task. If they noticed him at all it was to wonder that he could be such a fool as to work when there were hundreds of loafers in the city who could be kicked to the job.

The rainstorm changed into a steady drizzle, and the increasing gloom promised complete darkness within half an hour. Malcolm was beginning to plan his movements when he became aware of a man wrapped in a heavy cloak who approached from the direction of the arcade and peered into every nook and cranny.

"Now," thought Frank, "comes my first real difficulty. That man is searching for someone. Whether or not he seeks me, he is sure to speak, and if my presence has been reported he will recognise both Nejd and me instantly. If so, I must strangle him with as little ceremony as possible."

The newcomer came on. In the half-light it was easy to see that he was not a soldier, but a court official. Indeed, before the searcher's glance rested on the grey Arab munching contentedly in his stall, or the tall sowar who stood in obscurity near his head, Frank felt almost sure that he was face to face with the trusted confidant who had carried out Roshinara Begum's behests in the garden of Bithoor.

That fact saved the native's life. The Englishman would have killed him without compunction were it not for the belief that the man was actually looking for him and for none other, and with friendly intent, too, else he would have brought a bodyguard.

Sure enough, the stranger's first words were of good import. He could not see clearly into the dark stable, and it was necessary to measure one's utterances in Delhi just then.

"If you are one who rode into Delhi this morning I would have speech with you," he muttered softly.

"Say on," said Malcolm, gripping his sword.

"Nay, one does not give the Princess Roshinara's instructions without knowing that they reach the ears they are meant for."

The Englishman came out from the obscurity. He approached so quickly that the native started back, being far from prepared for Frank's very convincing resemblance to a rissaldar of cavalry.

"I look for one—" he began, but Frank had no mind to lose time.

"For Malcolm-sahib?" he demanded.

"It might be some such name," was the hesitating answer.

"I am he. I saw thee last at Bithoor, when I escaped with Mayne-sahib and the missy-baba."

"By Mohammed! I would not have known you, sahib, though now I remember your face. Come with me, and quickly. Each moment here means danger."

"Ay, for thee. I am not one to be tricked so easily."

"Huzoor, have I not sought you without arms or escort? I and another have searched the palace these two hours. Leave your horse. I will have him tended. Come, sahib, I pray you. The Begum awaits you, but there are so many who know of your presence that I shall not be able to save you if you fall into their hands."

These were fair-seeming words, with the ring of truth about them. At any rate, Malcolm's whereabouts were no longer a secret, and it would not be war but murder to offer violence to one who came with good intent on his lips if not in his heart.

"Lead on," said Frank sternly, "and remember that I shall not hesitate to strike at the first sign of treachery."

"I shall not betray you, sahib, but you must converse with me as we walk, and not draw too many eyes by holding a naked sword."

This was so manifestly reasonable that Malcolm felt rather ashamed of his doubts. Yet he thought it best not to appear to relax his precautions.

"I would not pass through the palace with a sword in my hand," he said with a quiet laugh, "but I have a pistol in my belt, and that will suffice for six men."

His guide set off at a rapid pace. When they were near the great arch leading into the garden they halted in front of a small door in a dimly lighted building, and the native rapped twice with his knuckles on three separate panels. Some bolts were drawn and the two were admitted, the door being instantly barred behind them by an attendant. The darkness in the passage was impenetrable. Frank held himself tensely, but his companion's voice reached him from a little distance in front, while he heard other bolts being drawn.

"You will see your way more clearly now," was the reassuring message, and, when the second door was opened, the rays of a lamp lit the stone walls and floor. They went on, through lofty corridors, across sequestered gardens and by way of many a stately chamber until another narrow passage terminated in a barred door guarded by an armed native. The man's shrill voice betokened his calling, and Frank knew that he was standing at the entrance to the zenana.

"There is one other within," said the guard, leering at them.

"Who is it, slave?" asked Frank's guide scornfully, for he was annoyed by the eunuch's familiar tone.

"Nay, I obey orders," was the tart response. "Enter, then, and may Allah prosper you."

There was a hint of danger in the otherwise excellent wish, but the man unlocked the door, and they passed within.

Frank's wondering eyes rested on a scene of fairy-like beauty, so exquisite in its colourings and so unexpected withal, that not even his desperate predicament could repress for an instant the feeling of astonishment that overwhelmed him. He was standing in a white marble chamber, pillared and roofed in the Byzantine style, while every shaft and arch was chiselled into graceful lines and adorned with traceries or carved festoons of fruit and flowers.

The walls were brightened with mosaics wrought in precious stones. Texts from the Koran, in the flowing Persi-Arabic script, ran above the arches. In the floor, composed of coloured tiles, was set a *pachisi* board, as the wide entrance hall to a European house might have a chessboard incorporated with the design of the tiled floor.

Not a garish tint or inharmonious line interfered with the chaste elegance of the white marble, and the whole apartment, which seemed to be the ante-room of the ladies' quarters, was lighted with Moorish lamps.

Malcolm took in some of these details in one amazed glance, but his thoughts were recalled sternly to the affairs of the moment by hearing the ring of spurred heels on the sharp-sounding pavement from behind a curtained arch.

There was no time to retreat nor cross towards an alcove that promised some slight screen from the soft and penetrating light that filled the room. He saw that his guide was perturbed, but he asked no question. With the quick military tread came the frou-frou of silk and the footfall of slippers.

Then the curtain was drawn aside, and Akhab Khan entered, followed by the Princess Roshinara.

Malcolm had the advantage of a few seconds' warning. Even as Akhab Khan placed his hand on the curtain, the Englishman sprang forward, and the astounded sowar, now a brigadier in the rebel forces, found himself looking into the muzzle of a revolver.

"Do not move till I bid you, Akhab Khan," said Malcolm in his self-contained way. "I was summoned hither, so I came, but it may be necessary to secure a hostage for my safe conduct outside the walls again."

"You! Malcolm-sahib!" was Akhab Khan's involuntary outburst.

"Yes, even I. Have you not heard, then, that I rode into the palace to-day?"

"There was a report that some Feringhis—some sahibs—were in the city as spies."

"Malcolm-sahib is here because I sent for him," broke in Roshinara.

"You—sent for him!"

Akhab Khan's swarthy features paled, and his eyes sparkled wrathfully. Heedless of Malcolm's implied threat, or, perhaps, ignoring it, he wheeled round on the Princess, and his right hand crossed to his sword-hilt.

"If you so much as turn your head again, or lift a hand without my order, I blow your brains out," said Malcolm in the same unemotional tone.

"Nay, let him attack a woman if it pleaseth him," cried Roshinara, who had not drawn back one inch from the place where she was standing when Malcolm confronted Akhab Khan and herself. "That is what our troops, officers and men alike, are best fitted for. They love to

swagger in the bazaar, but their valour flies when they see the Ridge."

Again, quite indifferent to the fact that Malcolm's finger was on the trigger, the rebel leader threw out his hands towards the Begum in a gesture of agonised protest.

"Do you not trust me, my heart?" he murmured. "If you knew of this Nazarene's presence, why was I not told?"

"Because I wished to save you in spite of yourself. Because I would spare you if you fell in battle as befits a warrior and the man whom I love; but I would not have you die on the scaffold, as most of the others will die ere another month be sped. What hope have we of success? If 40,000 sepoys cannot overcome the 3,000 English on the Ridge, how shall they prevail against the force that is now preparing to storm Delhi? I sent for Malcolm-sahib that I might obtain terms for my father and for thee, Akhab Khan. This man is now in our power. Let us bargain with him. If he goes free to-day, let him promise that we shall be spared when the gallows is busy in front of our palace."

Each word of this impassioned speech was a revelation to Malcolm. Here was the fiery beauty of the Mogul court pleading for the lives of her father and lover, pleading to him, a solitary Briton in the midst of thousands of mutineers, a prisoner in their stronghold, a spy whose life was forfeit by the laws of war. Hardly less bewildering than this turn of fortune's wheel was the whirling that promoted a poor trooper of the company to the position of accepted savior for the hand of a royal maiden. Never could there be a more complete unveiling of the Eastern mind, with all its fatalism, its strange weaknesses, its uncontrollable passions.

Akhab Khan stretched out his arms again.

"Forgive me, my soul, if I did doubt thee," he almost sobbed.

The girl was the first to recover her self-control.

"Put away your pistol," she said, fixing her fine eyes on Malcolm with a softness in their limpid depths that he had never seen there before. "If we can contrive, my plighted husband and I, you will not need it to-night. I was rejoiced to hear that you were within our gates. We are beaten. I know it. We have lost a kingdom because wretches like Nana Durdu Punt, of Bithoor, have forgotten their oaths, and preferred drunken revels to empire. Were they of my mind, were they as loyal and honourable as the man I hope to marry, we would have driven you and yours into the sea, Malcolm-sahib. But Allah willed otherwise, and we can only bow to his decree. It is Kismet. I am content. Say, then, if you are sent in safety to your camp, do you, in return, guarantee the two lives I ask of you."

Malcolm could not help looking at Akhab Khan before he answered. The handsome young soldier had folded his arms, and his eyes dwelt on Roshinara's animated face with a sad fixity that bespoke at once his love and his despair.

Then the Englishman placed the revolver in his belt and bowed low before the woman who reposed such confidence in him.

"If the issue rested with me, Princess," he said, "you need have no fear for the future. I am only a poor officer, and I have small influence. Yet I promise that such power as I possess shall be exerted in your behalf, and I would remind you that we English neither make war on women nor treat honourable enemies as felons."

"My father is a feeble old man," she cried vehemently. "It was not by his command that your people were slain. And Akhab Khan has never drawn his sword save in fair fight."

"I can vouch for Akhab Khan's treatment of those who were at his mercy," said Malcolm generously.

"Nay, sahib, you repaid me that night," said the other, not to be outdone in this exchange of compliments. "But, if I have the happiness to find such favour with my lady, that she plots to save me against my will, I cannot forget that I lead some thousands of sepoys who have faith in me. You have been examining our defences all day. Sooner would I fall on my sword here and now than that I should connive at the giving of information to an enemy which should lead to the destruction of my men."

Malcolm had foreseen this pitfall in the smooth road that was seemingly opening before him.

"I would prefer to become the bearer of terms than of information," he said.

"Terms? What terms? How many hands in this city are free of innocent blood? Were I or any other to propose a surrender, we should be torn limb from limb."

"Then I must tell you that I cannot accept your help at the price of silence. When I undertook this mission I knew its penalties. I am still prepared to abide by them. Let me remind you that it is I, not you, who can impose conditions within these four walls."

Akhab Khan paled again. He was the temperament that shows anger by the token which reveals cowardice in some men; it is well to beware of him who enters a fight with bloodless cheeks and grey lips. But Roshinara sprang between them with an eager cry:

"What folly is this that exhausts itself on a point of honour? Does not every spy who brings us details of each gun and picket on the Ridge tell the sahib-log all that they wish to know of our strength and our dissensions? Will not the man who warned us of the presence of an officer-sahib in our midst to-day go back and sell the news of a sepoy regiment's threat to murder the King? Have done with these idle words—let us to acts! Nawab-ji!"

"Heaven-born!" Malcolm's guide advanced with a deep salaam.

"See to it that my orders are carried out. Mayhap thine own head may rest easier on its shoulders if there is no mischance."

The Nawab-ji bowed again, and assured the presence that there would be no lapse on his part. Akhab Khan had turned away. His attitude betokened utter dejection, but the Princess, not the first of her sex to barter ambition for love, was radiant with hope.

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"Go, Malcolm-sahib," she whispered, "and may Allah guard you on the way!"

"I have one favour to ask," he said. "My devoted servant, a man named Chumru—"

She smiled with the air of a woman who breathes freely once more after passing through some grave peril.

"How, then, do you think I found out the identity of the English officer who had dared to enter Delhi?" she asked. "Your man came to me, not without difficulty, and told me you were here. It was he who inspired me with the thought that your presence might be turned to good account. But go, and quickly. He is safe."

Frank hardly knew how to bid her farewell until he remembered that, if of Royal birth, Princess Roshinara was also a beautiful woman. He took her hand and raised it to his lips, a most unusual proceeding in the East, but the tribute of respect seemed to please her.

Following the nawab, he traversed many corridors and chambers and ultimately reached an apartment in which Chumru was seated. That excellent bearer was smoking a hookah with a couple of palace servants, and doubtless exchanging spicy gossip with the freedom of Eastern manners and conversation.

"Shabash!" he cried when his crooked gaze fell on Malcolm. "By the tomb of Nizam-ud-din, there are times when women are useful."

They were let down from a window on the river face of the palace, and taken by a boat to the bank of the Jumna above Ludlow Castle, while the nawab undertook to deliver their horses next day at the camp. He carried out his promise to the letter, nor did he forget to put forth a plea in his own behalf against the hour when British bayonets would be probing the recesses of the fort and its occupants.

When Nicholson came out of the mess after supper he found Malcolm waiting for an audience. Chumru, still wearing the servant's livery in which the famous brigadier had last seen him, was squatting on the ground near his master. The general was not apt to waste time in talk, and he had a similar knack of reading men's thoughts by a look.

"Glad to see you back again, Major Malcolm," he cried. "I hope you were successful."

"It is for you to decide, sir, when you have heard my story," and, without further preamble, Frank gave a clear narrative of his adventures since dawn. Not a word did he say about the very things he had been sent to report on, and Nicholson understood that a direct order alone would unlock his lips. When Frank ended, the general frowned and was silent. In those days men did not hold honour lightly, and Nicholson was a fine type of soldier and gentleman.

"Confound it!" he growled, "this is awkward, very awkward," and Malcolm felt bitterly that the extraordinary turn taken by events in the palace was in a fair way towards depriving his superiors of the facts they were so anxious to learn. Suddenly the big man's deep eyes fell on Chumru.

"Here, you," he growled, "was ought said to thee whereby thou hast a scruple to tell me how many guns defend the Cashmere Gate?"

"Huzoor," said Chumru, "there are but two things that concern me—my master's safety and the size of that jaghir your honour promised me."

Nicholson laughed with an almost bovine mirth. "By gad," he cried, "you are fortunate in your friends, Malcolm." Then he turned to Chumru again. "The jaghir is of no mean size," he said, "but I shall see to it that a field is added for every useful fact you make known."

Frank listened to his servant's enumeration of the guns and troops at the Lahore, Mori, and Cashmere Gates, and he was surprised at the accuracy of Chumru's mental note-taking.

"I need not have gone at all, sir," he could not help commenting when the bearer had answered Nicholson's final question. "I seem to have a Napoleon for a valet."

The brigadier laid a kindly hand on Frank's shoulder.

"You forget that you have brought me the most important news of all," he said. "The enemy is defeated before the first ladder is planted against their walls. They know it, and, thanks to you, now we know it. My only remaining difficulty is not to take Delhi, but to screw up our chief to make the effort."

Then his voice sank to a deep growl.

"But I'll bring him to reason, I will, by Heaven, even if I risk being cashiered for insubordination!"

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN.

The Expiation.

Two hours after midnight—that is a time of rest and peace in most lands; men have either ceased or not yet begun their toil. Even warfare, the deadliest task of all, slackens its energy, and the ghostly reaper leans on his scythe while wearied soldiers sleep.

Wellington knew this when he said that the bravest man was he who possessed "two o'clock in the morning" courage, for shadows then become real, and dangers anticipated but unseen are magnified tenfold.

Yet, soon after two o'clock in the morning of September 14th, 1857, 4,500 soldiers assembled behind the Ridge for the greatest achievement that the Mutiny had demanded during the four months of its wonderful history.

They were divided into five columns, one being a reserve, and the task before them was to carry by assault a strongly fortified city surrounded by seven miles of wall and ditch, held by 40,000 trained soldiers, and equipped with ample store of guns and ammunition. Success meant the certain loss of one man among four; failure would carry with it a rout and massacre unexampled in modern war.

Men had fallen in greater numbers in the Crimea, it is true; a British army had been swallowed alive in the wild Ehyber Pass; but these were only incidents in prolonged campaigns, whereas the collapse of the assailants of Delhi would set free a torrent of murder, rapine, and

pillage, such as the utmost triumph of the rebels had not yet produced.

The Punjab, the whole of the North-west Central India, and Rajputana, all northern Bengal and Bombay, must have been submerged in the flood if the gates of Delhi were unbarred. It is not to be marvelled at, therefore, that General Wilson, the Commander-in-Chief, "looked nervous and anxious" as he rode slowly along the front of the gathering columns, nor that many of the British officers and men received the Holy Communion at the hands of their chaplains ere they mustered for what might prove to be their last parade.

In some tents of their own accord the soldiers read the Old Testament lesson of the day. With that extraordinary aptness which the chronicles of the prophets often display in their relation to current events, the chapter foretold the doom of Nineveh: "Woe to the bloody city. It is full of lies and robbery. Draw the waters for the siege, fortify thy strongholds. Then shall the fire devour thee; the sword shall cut thee off; it shall eat thee up like the canker-worm."

How thrilling, how intensely personal and human, these words must have sounded in their ears, for it should ever be borne in mind that the Britons who recovered India in '57 were not only determined to avenge the barbarities inflicted on unoffending women and children, but were inspired by a religious enthusiasm that showed itself in almost every diary kept and letter sent home during the war.

And now, while the brilliant stars were dimmed by bursting shells and rockets hissing in glowing curves across the sky, the columns moved forward.

English, Scotch, Irish, and Welsh—swarthy Pathans, bearded Sikhs, dapper little Ghoorakhs—marched side by side, from the first column on the left, commanded by Nicholson, to the fourth on the extreme right, led by Reid.

The plan of attack was daring and soldierlike. John Nicholson, ever claiming the post of utmost danger, elected to hurl his men across the breach made by the big guns in the Cashmere Bastion, the strongest of the many strong positions held by the enemy. The second column, under Brigadier Jones, was to storm the second breach in the walls at the Water Bastion. The third, headed by Colonel Campbell, was to pass through the Cashmere Gate when the gallant six who had promised to blow open the gate itself had accomplished their task, while the fourth column, under Major Reid, undertook to clear the suburbs of Kisbengunge and Pahadunpore, and force its way into the city by way of the Lahore Gate.

Brigadier Longfield, commanding the reserve, had to follow and support Nicholson. Generally speaking, if each separate attack made good its objective, the different columns were to link up along the walls, form posts, and combine for the bombardment and escalade of the fortress-palace.

Nicholson, who directed the assault, had not forgotten the half-implied bargain made between Malcolm and the Princess Roshinara. Strict orders were given that the king and members of the royal family were to be taken prisoners if possible. As for Akhab Khan and other leaders of rebel brigades, it was impossible to distinguish them among so many. Not even Nicholson could ask his men to be generous in giving quarter when nine out of every ten mutineers they encountered were less soldiers than slayers of women and children.

At last, in the darkness, the columns reached their allotted stations and halted. The engineers, carrying ladders, crept to the front.

Nicholson placed a hand on Jones's shoulder.

"Are you ready?" he asked, with the quiet confidence in the success of his self-imposed mission that caused all men to trust in him implicitly.

"Yes," answered Jones.

Nicholson turned to Malcolm and two others of his aides.

"Tell the gunners to cease fire," he said.

Left and right they hurried, stumbling over the broken ground to reach the batteries which were thundering at short range against the fast-crumbling walls. In No. 2, which Malcolm entered, he found a young lieutenant of artillery, Frederick Sleigh Roberts, working a heavy gun almost single-handed, so terribly had the Royal Regiment suffered in the contest waged with the rebel gunners during seven days and nights.

Almost simultaneously, the three batteries became silent. With a heart-stirring cheer the Rifles dashed forward and fired a volley to cover the advance of the ladder men, and the first step was taken in the actual capture of Delhi.

The loud yell of the Rifles served as a signal to the other columns. The second, gallantly led by Jones, rushed up to the Water Bastion and entered it, but not

until twenty-nine out of thirty-nine men carrying ladders were killed or wounded. On Jones's right Nicholson, ever in the van, seemed to lift his column by sheer strength of will through an avalanche of musketry, heavy stones, grape shot, and bayonet thrusts, while the rebels, swarming like wasps to the breach, inspired each other by hurling threats and curses at the Nazarenes.

But to stop Nicholson and his host they must kill every man, and be killed themselves in the killing, and not having the stomach for that sort of fight, they ran.

Thus far a magnificent success had been achieved. It was carried further, almost perfected, by the splendid self-sacrifice displayed by the six who had promised to blow open the Cashmere Gate. To this day their names are blazoned on a tablet between its two arches: "Lieutenants Home and Salkeld, of the Engineers, Bugler Hawthorne of the 52nd, and Sergeants Carnichael, Smith, and Burgess, of the Bengal Sappers." Smith and Hawthorne lived to wear the Victoria Crosses awarded for their feat. The others, while death glazed their eyes and dimmed their ears, may have known by the rush of men past where they lay that their sacrifice had not been in vain. The stout timbers and iron bands were rent by the powder-bags, and the third column fought a passage through the double gateway into the tiny square in front of St. James's Church.

Then, as if the story of Delhi were to serve as a microcosm of fortune's smiles and frowns in human affairs, the victorious career of the British columns received a serious, almost a mortal, check. The mutineers were in full retreat, terror-stricken and dismayed. Thousands were already crossing the bridge of boats when the word went round that the Feringhis were beaten.

They were not, but the over-caution against which Nicholson had rallied for months again betrayed itself in the failure of the second column to capture the Lahore Gate when that vital position lay at its mercy. Audacity, ever excellent in war, is sound as a proposition of Euclid in operations against Asiatics.

Brigadier and men had done what they were asked to do; they ought to have done more. Having penetrated beyond the Mori Bastion, they fell back and fortified themselves against counter-assault, thus displaying unimpeachable tactics, but bad generalship in view of the enemy's demoralisation.

Instantly Akhab Khan, who commanded in that quarter of the city, claimed a victory. The mutineers looked back to their deserted posts. While one section pressed Jones hard, another fell on Reid's Ghoorakhs and the cavalry brigade. They actually pushed the counter-attack as far as Hindu Rao's house on the Ridge, until Lord Grant's cavalry and Tombs's magnificent horse artillery tackled them. A terrific mêlée ensued. Twenty-five out of fifty gunners were killed or wounded, the 9th Lancers suffered with equal severity, but the rebels were held and defeated, after two hours of desperate conflict.

The mischance at the Lahore Gate cost England a life she could ill spare. When he heard what had happened, Nicholson ran to the Mori Bastion, gathered men from both columns, and tried to storm the Lahore Bastion at all hazards. It was asking too much, but those gallant hearts did not falter. They followed their beloved leader into a narrow lane, the only way from the one point to the other. They fell in scores, but Nicholson's giant figure still towered in front. With sword raised, he shouted to the survivors to come on. Then a bullet struck him in the chest and he fell.

With him, for a time, drooped the flag of Britain. Although Baird Smith, a skilled engineer and artilleryman, had secured against a *coup de main* that small portion of the city now occupied by the besiegers, General Wilson was minded to withdraw the troops. Even now he considered the task of subduing Delhi to be beyond their powers. Baird Smith insisted that he should hold on; Nicholson sent a typical message from his deathbed on the Ridge that he still had strength enough left to struggle to his feet and pistol the first man who counselled retreat, and the harassed Commander-in-Chief consented to the continuance of the fighting.

Although his judgment was mistaken, he had good reasons for it. Akhab Khan, on whom the real leadership devolved when it became known that the king and his sons had fled from the palace, tried a ruse that might well have proved fatal to his adversaries.

Counting on the exhaustion of the British and the privations they had endured during the long months on the Ridge, he caused the deserted streets between the Cashmere and Mori Gates to be strewn with bottles of wine, beer, and spirits. To men enfeebled by heat and want of food the liquor was more deadly than lead or steel.

Were it not that Akhab Khan himself was shot through the forehead while trying to repel the advance of Taylor's engineers along the main road to the palace from the Cashmere Gate, it was well within the bounds of possibility that the afternoon of the 14th might have witnessed a British débâcle.

In one respect the sepoy commander's death was as serious to his cause as the loss of Nicholson to the English. The rebels, fighting fiercely enough in small detachments, but no longer controlled by a man who knew how to use their vastly superior numbers, allowed themselves to be dealt with in detail. Soon the British attack was properly organized, and a six days' orgy of destruction began.

Although no Briton was seen to injure a woman or child in the streets or houses of Delhi, the avenging army spared no man. Unhappily, thousands of harmless citizens were slaughtered side by side with the mutineers. The British had received a great provocation, and they exacted a terrible payment.

On the 20th the gates of the palace were battered in, and the British flag was hoisted from its topmost turret. Then, and not till then, did Delhi fall. The last of the Moguls was driven from the halls which had witnessed the grandeur and pomp of his imperial predecessors, and the great city passed into the hands of the new race that had come to leaven the decaying East.

(To be concluded next week.)

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YOUNG Samuel Briggs was wily; also, he regarded school as a place where the loftier ambitions of youth are subjected to an unjust and irksome restraint, and therefore he stayed away. Long practice had taught him to beware the school-board officer; but one day, by an unforeseen accident, he fell into the enemy's hands, and there was no escape.

"What is your name?" asked the officer.

"Briggs," answered Sam.

"What's your father's name?"

"Briggs," said Samuel blandly.

"But what is his other name?"

"Mr. Briggs"—with hauteur.

"You don't understand me, my boy," said the officer kindly. "I want to know your father's Christian name as well as his surname. Now, what does your mother call him?"

For a moment Sam hesitated; then inspiration came.

"Fat 'ead!" he answered serenely.

THE GUILLESS COUNTRY.

SHE was a jaded London lady cyclist, weary and wan with the stress and strain of a week in a London shop. The country was green and peaceful; but the night fell all too quickly, and she had to seek shelter.

"Remember," she said to the landlady, before she retired, "if there is anything I like it is new-laid eggs. I must have new-laid eggs for breakfast tomorrow."

"And so you shall, miss," said the dear, honest old lady. "Our hens lays all weathers, and you shall have your wish."

But the partitions in country cottages are thin, and the lady from London was awakened next morning by a conversation in the adjoining room between her landlady and her spouse.

"Get up, ye lazy loon!" she said. "The lady is mighty struck on new-laid eggs; so ye'll have to get half a dozen from the grocer while I go and cackle in the yard!"

WARY WITH MARY.

In the amiable way of villagers, they were discussing the matrimonial affairs of a couple who, though recently wed, had begun to find the yoke of Hymen a burden.

"Tis all along o' these hasty marriages," opined one caustic old gentleman, who had been much to the fore in the discussion. "They did not understand each other; they'd nobbut knowed each other for a matter o' seven year."

"Well, that seems long enough," said an interested lady listener.

"Long eno'! Bah, ye're wrong! When a body's coortin' he canna be too careful. Why, my coortship with Mary lasted a matter o' nineteen year!"

"You certainly were careful," agreed the lady listener. "And did you find your plan successful when you married?"

"Ye jump to conclusions!" said the old man impatiently. "I understood her then, so I didna marry her!"

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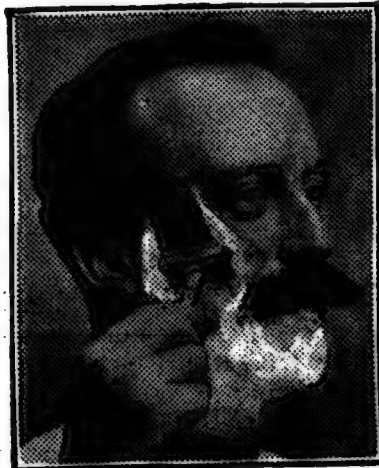
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HOME NOTES PAGE.

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oast Sandwiches.

Slices of carefully made toast should be split, and the soft part spread with mayonnaise, chopped game, or poultry. Form into small sandwiches, and serve on a dainty d'oyley.

Spruce Beer

May be made thus. Take five gallons of boiling water, mix with five pounds of sugar and two ounces of essence of spruce. Let it cool, when milk-warm add a gill of yeast. Next day bottle, and tie the corks as for ginger beer. (Reply to L. A. P.)

Try Carrots with Cream Sauce.

Wash, scrape, and cut some carrots into dice, and let them soak for an hour in cold water. Then drain and place in a double boiler, adding a little piece of butter. Cook over boiling water until the carrots are tender. Pour cream sauce over, and serve.

To Re-Cook Sausages

As follows insures a very tasty and excellent dish: Take the cold sausages and divide in half lengthwise. Work together a little mustard, flour, pepper, and salt. Spread this on the cut side, and fry in hot fat till a nice brown. Serve each piece with a few slices of tomato on the top.

Apples and Raisins

Make an excellent and nourishing sweet. Choose a dozen nice, sound cooking apples, then clean thoroughly a quarter as many raisins as apples, and pour over them one quart of boiling water. Let the raisins steep till swollen, stone, and mix with the apples. Cook until tender, when sugar should be added to taste.

Baked Cod.

Procure a good piece of the middle cut of the cod, and divide it into steaks three-quarters of an inch thick. Mix together two tablespoonfuls of salad oil, a pinch of cayenne pepper, a teaspoonful each of chopped parsley, chopped gherkins, and shallot. Skin and bone an anchovy, pound it finely, and add to the mixture with a squeeze of lemon juice.

A Simple Ginger Wine

Is made as follows: Take one ounce of tartaric acid, five drachms of essence of ginger, three drachms of essence of capicum. To make, pour over five quarts of boiling water on to three pounds of loaf sugar. When dissolved and cold, add the other ingredients and colour with a little burnt sugar. (Thanks to CHESTERFIELD GIRL.)

Cheese Pie.

If you wish a good, tasty supper dish try this: Cut up half a loaf of bread in small dice. Butter a pie-dish, and fill it with alternate layers of bread and mild cheese, which is cut thin and sprinkled with pepper and salt. Beat two eggs slightly, and add to three-quarters of a pint of milk. Pour the custard over the whole, and bake steadily till the cheese is soft. Serve hot.

To Kipper Salmon.

Take a large-sized salmon in good condition; gut it and clean it thoroughly, also scale it, but do not wash the fish. Then split it and take out the backbone. Next rub into it a quantity of salt and brown sugar, with a little saltpetre, all well mixed. Allow the salmon to remain with this brine mixture about it for a couple of days, pressed tightly between two boards, after which spread it open and stretch it flat with small pieces of wood. Then suspend the fish from the roof of the kitchen to dry, or, if preferred, smoke it with wood. (Reply to KIRKWOOD.)

Doughnuts.

Sift a pound of flour, and see that it is quite dry. Add a tablespoonful of caster sugar and a saltspoonful of salt to the flour. Into another basin put half a pint of hot milk and one ounce of fresh butter; when the butter is dissolved and the milk only lukewarm, add half an ounce of yeast. Make a hole in the middle of the flour, stir in the liquid by degrees, adding an egg and beating the whole until the batter is quite smooth. Stand in a warm place to rise for eight or ten hours, and then heat some frying fat. When boiling so fast that a blue smoke is thrown off, drop in a spoonful of dough at a time. Fry till a light brown, and serve at once.

WHY SPOTTED MATERIALS ARE POPULAR.

If you have ever thought at all upon the subject of spotted fabrics, you surely must have divined why they are so popular. Small spots are higher in favour than large ones, because even the tiniest of little people can wear them becomingly. Then, quite apart from that consideration, spot patterns are easy to match at the seams, and have no up and down, which last much affects the economy of cutting.

Besides, in spite of the simplicity of the spot-pattern, it bears the hall-mark of good taste. To wit, have you ever seen a little child more becomingly garbed than the mite of four to six years whose picture is before you? Yet her frock is but a simple mercerised muslin, in pale blue, with a pin-spot of black upon it.

It would be quite possible to make this little dress at home, with the aid of our paper pattern (No. 17204) for a couple of shillings, for the muslin—three yards and a half are necessary—need not cost more than 3s. 6d. per yard, and one yard and a half of longcloth or sateen would be ample to line the bodice and short puff sleeves. Roughly you can calculate that seven yards of insertion lace are required, but as there is usually a great reduction in this narrow lace if bought by the dozen, you should invest in twelve yards; the extra length could be utilised for underclothing or pinafores. The insertion is misleading in its effect, for the yoke of the bodice is not made separately, as one might venture to think.



No. 17204. Paper pattern, 6s. 6d., post free, from Pattern Department, Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta St., London, W.C.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

HOME is the one place in all this world where hearts are sure of each other.

It is the place of confidence.

It is the place where we tear off that mask of guarded and suspicious coldness which the world forces us to wear in self-defence, and where we pour out the unreserved communication of full and confiding hearts.

It is the spot where expressions of tenderness gush out without any show of awkwardness and without any dread of ridicule.

Let a man travel where he will, home is the place to which his heart, untravelling, fondly turns.

A happy home is the single spot of rest which a man has upon this earth for the cultivation of his noblest sensibilities.

GIVING CUPID A GENTLE HINT.

WHAT a number of undesirable marriages we hear about—that is, undesirable from the parents' point of view. A goodly number of fathers and mothers are wondering how such can be prevented. A solution might be obtained by following the example of a gentleman we will call Mr. Blank.

His family consisted of himself, his wife, and six sons, and, like a good many other fathers, he had never thought of the marriage subject till the mysterious manoeuvres of his eldest son, a youth of twenty, began to make him uneasy.

He learned the truth, not very terrible it happened, but he saw that prompt action was required. From that moment till his youngest boy was married he took good care that his wife should constantly bring girl-guests to the home; and such girls as would make suitable daughters-in-law.

It was expensive, he admitted, but it worked like a charm, and all his boys married well. "You can't force love," he said, "but you can give it a strong hint."

SLEEP WELL AND BE HEALTHY.

"THE important bearing which proper and restful sleep has upon the beauty of their complexion and figure is understood by comparatively very few women," said a famous beauty doctor recently.

"Properly indulged in, sleep may be said to be Nature's beautifier, and the woman who takes care that she rests each night under the best conditions possible will have little use for cosmetics, hair dyes, or cold creams. Sleep is undoubtedly the best nerve, skin, and eye tonic, and without it beauty can scarcely exist.

"In the first place, the woman who would court beauty sleep must have a bedroom in which the air circulates freely.

"Not only should the windows of the room be left open as much as possible during the daytime, but also all night.

"On no account should flowers or growing plants be allowed to remain in the bedroom, which should be free from all odour or perfume. The scent of flowers, such as violets and roses, is very agreeable and soothing to the nerves for the time being; but the flowers throw out carbonic gas, which is bad for the lungs, while they also absorb the oxygen in the air.

"Above all, a woman should avoid having her bed draped with curtains, for the curtains prevent the circulation of the fresh air which is absolutely necessary for the sleep of beauty.

"It is a great mistake to have the bed too soft. The feather bed has a tendency to make women stouter, and if they want to develop energy they should sleep on a rather hard bed under light covering.

"One's position in bed is almost as important as a proper bed and bedroom, for upon it depends to a great extent the calm and restful sleep which is essential to beauty. The only position which gives the organs a complete rest is an almost perfectly horizontal one. If a woman must have her head raised a little, then she should choose a rather flat pillow, with no bolster.

"But the best of directions are of little use if a woman does not sleep when fatigue demands it.

"She must keep to systematic hours as much as possible, and not snatch a nap in the afternoon, or have an extra hour in bed in the morning, in order to make up for lost hours over night.

"Too little sleep does not sufficiently repair the strain of the waking hours, while, on the other hand, too much sleep is also bad, as it depresses the vitality, and makes one feel heavy and dull."

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

To Take Varnish or Paint

Off cotton goods, apply oil of turpentine. Wash off in soap-suds.

Scrambled Eggs

Are greatly improved by a squeeze of lemon juice added to them while they are cooking.

Japanned Gilt Cornices.

A little warmed milk and the subsequent application of a soft wash-leather will renovate these completely.

When Cooking a Hare

First baste well with salt and water, pricking the shoulders, chest, and legs to remove the blood; pour away the brine, and baste frequently with dripping.

Always Fry Fish or Potatoes

In an iron or steel saucepan, avoiding a tin-lined pan when deep fat is used. The great heat is very likely to melt the tin, and also it is a difficult utensil to keep clean, for the inside is apt to become roughened.

Alum in Starch.

For starching muslins, gingham, etc., dissolve a piece of alum the size of a filbert for every pint of starch. By following this hint, you preserve the bright colours of the fabric a long time. This hint is especially useful for dresses, and the cost is most trifling.

A Good Black Dye.

Take five pints of water, add half a pound of bruised galls, a quarter of a pound of green vitriol, and one pound of logwood. If you prefer to buy the dye ready mixed, you will find one of the many varieties sold now very excellent. (Reply to NEWPORT, Mex.)

This Economical Pickle

Will, I feel sure, please you. Cut as many onions into thin slices as will fill a pint jar. Put three-quarters of a pint of vinegar on to boil, and when it is just at boiling point, stir in this mixture: half an ounce of curry powder, half an ounce of flour, one teaspoonful of dry mustard, and a saltspoonful of salt. A few peppercorns will also improve the flavour. Stir all till the vinegar begins to boil again, then pour into a basin, keeping it covered till cold. Bottle and tie up tightly. In three days the pickle will be fit to use, but improves by keeping. (Reply to EVERY.)

Can't Take Meat.—What a Trained Nurse Eats.

When a woman has nursed sick folk and has been seriously ill herself she is under no delusions about food. She knows what has helped herself and others to better health, and she writes short and to the point. Hence this letter from Monmouth:—

"I am a trained nurse, and I used to suffer terribly from gastritis, and had to live on milk and lime water for a month at a time while the attacks lasted, nursing all the time.

"About four years ago I tried Grape-Nuts and soon began to feel a different woman. I lost the dreadful sinking sensation I used to have before, and kept to the food. I still take Grape-Nuts twice a day, and never have one of my old attacks now. I may say I never eat beef, mutton, or solid meat of any kind. My friends could hardly believe at first that such a great improvement was due to Grape-Nuts alone."

Name given by Grape-Nuts Co., 66 Shoe Lane, E.C.

"There's a reason for Grape-Nuts."

WARNING.—Imitations of Grape-Nuts are on the market, paying the retail grocer a special profit to push the sale.

If you really want a skilfully and scientifically made brain food, insist upon getting Grape-Nuts. Most grocers will promptly supply genuine articles without attempt to palm off something "just as good."

If your grocer tries to substitute some imitation "Nuts" for genuine Grape-Nuts, perhaps the other grocer down the street might serve you more faithfully.

If you find Grape-Nuts food a bit soft from the late damp weather, put it in an oven with the door left open and dry until crisp. Then add a sprinkle of sugar and some milk enriched with cream and there you are, the finest breakfast food extant.

Are you fond of pretty children? If so, get the NOVEMBER ROYAL and see the beautiful reproductions of Mr. Snowman's pictures.

THE EDITOR'S PAGE



To Limerickers.

E. J. writes: "Do those who send in on the last day get as much consideration as the earlier arrivals in the limerick competitions? I am told it is only the first efforts which stand any chance."
—The day on which an attempt from a competitor in the limerick competition is received has no bearing on the likelihood of its success, so long as it complies with the conditions in every respect. Each entry form is carefully read, and its merits considered, whether it is the first or last to arrive at this office.

His Confidence Increased.

W. S. W. writes: "I was more than pleased to receive fivepence in stamps, sent in excess for limerick line by an oversight. I did not think when I found what I had done that it would be noticed in the rush there must be with so many postal-orders. Now, I am doubly sure that each line must be seen, and the money properly applied, and I am glad for this, though goodness knows (for I have never won a cent, though I have sent in scores of lines and some good ones) that a prize to me would have been a godsend in more ways than one. I still send, and induce my friends to send, till I hope to hit the bull's-eye and win, and then try again. The amount of work to your staff must be prodigious; but I have tried always to refute any allusion to haphazard methods, and this receipt of stamps clinches for ever my argument in favour of your unique system of examining the limerick lines. With wishes for the continued success of P.W."
—I am glad to hear from your letter that you have such increased confidence in the manner in which our limerick competitions are conducted. You may rest assured that everything is done to safeguard the interests of competitors.

"The House of Rimmon."

MORRIS ago, when I found to what an unusual extent our serial, "In the Grip of Fate," was moving readers to send in their written appreciation of the story, I determined to ask John K. Prothero, the author of that splendid tale, to write another serial for P.W. Naturally, such an undertaking takes time, inasmuch as P.W. serials are not selected in any haphazard manner, for I am pleased to say that the paper has a reputation for its serials it hopes never to lose, and it is a great burden off my shoulders when the preliminary plot and the finished story are definitely passed. One or two serials have come and gone since "In the Grip of Fate" finished, but I'm glad to say that "The House of Rimmon" is a worthy successor. I have no hesitation in saying that I know it will hold your attention, and I shall await your verdict with confidence. "The House of Rimmon" starts next week.

Crushing Replies.

"I was staying at Folkestone last week," writes BACHELOR, "and while I was there someone told me the story of Queen Elizabeth's visit to the town, when she made such a merciless retort to the mayor. The latter, mounted upon a small dais, had commenced to recite an ode, beginning,

Most gracious Queen,
Welcome to Folkestein,

when Elizabeth is reported to have cut him short with the remark:

Most precious fool,
Get off that stool.

I do not know whether this story is true or not, but if so I should think it was the most crushing reply ever administered. Do you know one to beat it?—It certainly is a trifle unkind, and from what I have read about "Good Queen Bess," I should think she was quite capable of having said it. As an example of a really withering reply, however, I am inclined to think it has on several occasions been surpassed. Wasn't it Disraeli who, in answer to a long and impassioned speech in the Commons, started off with the remark: "The Honourable Member has told us many new and many true things. Unfortunately, the things which were new were not true, and the things which were true were not new." There is also the famous retort of Jerrold's, when some unsuccessful writer elapped him on the back, and exclaimed, "We row in the same boat." "Yes," replied the author of "Mrs. Caudle," "but thank Heaven we've got different skulls."

£500 a Year for Life.

All attempts in this Competition must be posted in time to arrive at these offices not later than TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 5th. Envelopes should be marked "Five Hundred" in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to "The Editor, 'Pearson's Weekly,' Henrietta Street, London, W.C."

Sliding Doors for Railway Carriages.

"Don't you think," asks MORSE, "that it would be a decided improvement if sliding doors were used in all railway carriages? I have never heard of these being tried by any railway company, but I venture to suggest that the number of accidents due to the sudden opening of carriage doors would be greatly decreased, if sliding doors were adopted."

The chief objection to your idea, MORSE, is the unfortunate habit people possess of allowing the train to start without first closing the door. With the present variety, a porter standing on the platform is able to remedy this defect without difficulty. To shut a sliding door, however, while the train was in motion would involve a quickness and activity that would gain its fortunate possessor a comfortable income on the music-halls. With the doors now in use on most railways there is really no danger of being precipitated upon the line. Sliding doors, if in easy working order, would, I should think, be very liable to be jolted open by the shaking of the train.

Bishops' Palaces.

"I see," says V. K., "that one of the bishops has been suggesting that it would be as well to get rid of some of the expensive bishops' palaces, the upkeep of which takes away such a large part of their income. I was wondering what was the origin of the name bishops' palace. Though many of these residences are fine, old places, the word palace seems rather an exaggerated term to apply to them. I always thought it meant the home of a king."
—"Palace" did originally convey such an idea, V. K. It is derived from the Palatine Hill, on which stood the dwellings of the Roman Emperors. The term soon came to be applied to any particularly magnificent abode, however, and in Scotland at the present day you may see such instances as Hamilton Palace and Dalkeith Palace, the respective seats of the Dukes of Hamilton and Buccleuch. With regard to the bishops' residences, you must remember that in the Middle Ages a bishop was a very great man indeed, and ranked far above most noblemen. Although many of them were saintly and self-denying men, others lived in such magnificent style, that the word palaces, as applied to their homes, did not seem at all out of place.

Ghost at Birmingham.

BIRMINGHAM would seem to be almost the last place in which one might expect to find a ghost. There is a breezy, up-to-date, go-ahead sort of air about the Midland Metropolis which I should think would make any self-respecting shade shrink away in disgust. B. L. C., however, who has taken a small, old-fashioned house just outside Edgbaston, feels quite certain that he is entertaining the shade of some previous tenant. "Almost every night," he writes, "while we are lying in bed, we can hear the stairs creaking exactly as if someone were coming up. I have several times gone out of my room feeling quite certain that there was a burglar on the premises, but I have never found a trace of any human being. My wife is certain that it must be a ghost. I don't mind myself whether it is or not, but the nuisance is that we can't get a servant to stay with us. Do you know any effective method of 'laying' our nightly disturber?"
Yes, I do, B. L. C. Go to-morrow morning to some architect or house surveyor, and get him to come and have a look at your staircase. You will probably find that in the course of time some of the stairs have become a little loose. People passing up and down in the daytime cause them to give slightly in a certain direction, and at night, when they are not being used, they probably return with a creaking noise to their right position. I am sorry to shatter romance in any form, but I think you will find that this is a more probable explanation than the presence of some deceased Birmingham worthy revisiting the scenes of long ago.

Wanted a Hobby.

HAROLD is anxious to take up some hobby. "Until recently," he writes, "I have been too busy to bother much about amusements of any kind. In future, however, I shall have more time on my hands, and I want to start a hobby which will prove interesting, and, at the same time, not too ruinously expensive. What would you suggest? I live in the country, but within easy reach of a fair-sized town. I should like something that would keep me more or less in the open air."—Why not try photography, HAROLD? It would fulfil both your

requirements—namely, keeping you a good deal out of doors, and not being too extravagant. You may meet with some disappointments at first, particularly just now during the dull weather; but if you stick to it you will find that there are far more delightful pursuits in the world. At first your chief entertainment will probably be derived from experimenting on your friends. As you progress, however, you will doubtless become more ambitious, and there is really no limit to the interesting possibilities which photography opens out. Taking snapshots of wild life, for instance, is a truly fascinating employment. The pleasure which a sportsman feels in having pumped a liberal supply of lead into an innocent bunny is nothing to that experienced by a photographer in having secured a charming negative of the same animal sitting peacefully beside his hole washing his face. Yes, if I were you, HAROLD, I should certainly fall back upon the camera. I don't mean literally, of course. That might spoil your operations at the outset.

Concerning Billiard Cues.

"In the billiard-room the other evening," writes CUN, "I asked several of the players, some of whom had played for years, why the butt end of a billiard cue should have a flat side. None of them seemed to know, but some ventured the opinion that it was in connection with the balance. Others thought it was to put a name plate on, while one suggested it was only an attempt at taking away the plainness of a round end. I should be glad if you can tell me the real reason."—I consulted the most enthusiastic billiard player of my acquaintance, CUN, and he informed me that the flat side was a relic of the days when one used to be allowed to use the butt for a certain stroke. Mr. P. Doubleday looked in at "Thurston's," and they seemed to think that this explanation was probably the correct one. The shape is still retained, as it enables manufacturers to put on a small die bearing the name of the firm. It has nothing to do with the balance.

How Much, Please?

S. G. H. has a grievance against shopkeepers in general and jewellers in particular. He strongly objects to their habit of putting goods in their windows without marking the price. He has often hesitated on the doorstep, and then turned away again for fear lest the shopman, observing him to be "a person of some importance," should be tempted to charge him a few more shillings than he would someone else. "I have an instance under notice," he writes, "where two people went into the same shop on different dates and inquired the cost of an article, and were given two entirely different prices."—I have no doubt that this sort of thing frequently happens, S. G. H.; in fact, the object of a good many tradesmen in not marking their goods is to be able to regulate their prices according to the appearance of their customers. In future, when you want to buy some articles, you should disguise yourself as an impoverished and unimportant individual, and see whether you can obtain more favourable terms. One reason why jewellers do not mark the prices of their goods is that such tickets are apt to arouse covetousness in the hearts of the less prosperous section of the public. A starving and homeless tramp, on seeing a diamond and ruby necklace marked, "Sale Price. Very cheap; only £8,500. Usual price £8,000," might be sorely tempted to put a brick through the plate glass, pick up the bargain, and see whether he could not raise a pound or two on it from some obliging and broad-minded East-End pawnbroker.

Dark or Fair?

W. J. M. has been having an argument with a friend on the subject of bad, bold, lady villains. W. J. M. maintains that the type of lady who poisons papa for the insurance money, and hurls her baby into the bottomless well, ha! ha! is usually gifted with a luxurious growth of dark hair. His friend, on the other hand, strongly resents such an assertion as a gross libel upon the beautiful brunette, and inclines to the opinion that if there is a shady bit of business going round, it is the blue-eyed, yellow-haired lady who will be there or thereabouts. "If you will tell us what you think on the subject," finishes W. J. M., "we will abide by your decision."
—No, no, W. J. M., I am not to be drawn like that. Do you think I want a flood of indignant letters from hundreds of my beautiful lady readers? I will very cautiously and "without prejudice" admit, that both novelists and playwrights have a tendency to make the heroine fair and her less scrupulous rival dark, but that such a state of things can really be justified by experience, I would be the last to maintain. I think the custom probably arose from the fact that the villainess (if there is such a word) in fiction was frequently represented as an Italian, a Frenchwoman, or a gipsy, and so the question of her being dark gradually came to be an accepted tradition. My own opinion is that the nicest, gentlest, and most lovely of the fair sex are, as a rule—ah! Nearly let it out that time.

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Sport's Ugliest Crimes.

Rules that Sportsmen Should Never Break.

A GENTLEMAN well known in Essex as a keen follower of hounds was driving to the station one very bad winter's day, when he saw a man whom he knew slightly tramping along the slushy road carrying a large bag. He offered him a lift, which was gratefully accepted.

Suddenly the horse shied, one wheel dropped into a ditch, and over went the dog cart. When the half-stunned driver picked himself up, he saw the other man hurriedly stuffing something back into the bag, which had broken open in the fall. It was a dead fox.

"Where did you get that?" he roared.

"I shot it in my chicken yard," replied the other, "and I'm taking it to be stuffed."

The sportsman tried to regain his feet, but could not, for an ankle was sprained. The other saw his plight and came to his help. "Get out!" shouted the injured man. "Don't let me ever see you again. I'd rather lie here for ever than take help from a man who shot a fox." And he drove the other away with threats and violent language.

There are plenty of good sportsmen who consider the shooting of a fox a crime only second to homicide. The value set on a fox's life varies in different parts of the country, for there are portions of Scotland where hunting is unknown and where foxes are destroyed as vermin.

But taking it all round, the shooting of a fox is easily the worst crime in the sportsman's decalogue, and the man who does such a thing is likely to be absolutely ostracised.

JUMPING INTO A MAN'S POCKET.

Hunting has a strict code of etiquette, both for packs and individuals. Each hunt has its own territory, and no pack may draw a covert belonging to another without invitation or permission. But when hounds are running, then it is perfectly permissible to follow and kill the fox anywhere. If, however, reynard goes to ground upon land belonging to another hunt, his refuge must be respected. He must not be dug out as he would be if he went to ground upon the hunt's own territory.

One of the worst crimes which an individual can commit in the hunting field is to ride over hounds. The man who does this kind of thing is, of course, not worthy of the name of sportsman, and is certain to get the rough side of the master's tongue.

Another hunting offence is to ride a kicker without putting a red ribbon on the horse's tail. A kicker is a very serious danger in a crowded gate or gap, and may ruin another horse or break the rider's leg.

A very dangerous practice rightly condemned by all hunting people is that of riding "jealous." If two people race for the same jump they are very apt to cannon in mid-air and come to awful grief. In the same category may be placed a sin which is a specialty of hunting ladies—namely, "jumping into a man's pocket."

A lady will take a man as a pilot, and follow him so closely that, if he comes to grief at a fence, the chances are even that she lands right on top of him. Some of the worst accidents on record have been caused in this way.

A RULE THAT PREVENTS TORTURE.

To turn from hunting to shooting, here, again, jealousy is the worst of bad form. Every member of a shooting party must stay on the spot or the line upon which his host or the keeper has placed him. He must on no account change his position in order to secure better shots, nor must he, under any consideration, attempt to bag birds which are nearer another shooter. If his neighbour misses, then, and not till then, will the true sportsman take his chance of "wiping the other's eye."

To take so long a shot that you risk injuring the bird without killing it is rightly considered a serious offence. A bird slightly wounded flies away beyond reach of dogs and beaters and dies in lingering misery.

It is almost equally wrong to go to the other extreme and take too near a shot, so smashing the bird up as to render it unfit for food or market. Pheasants especially should not be shot at a nearer range than twenty-five yards, nor a greater than fifty. Partridges and grouse can be fired at when twenty yards away, for they are heavier plumaged birds as well as smaller than the pheasant.

It need hardly be added that it is the worst of bad manners to boast of one's prowess or to claim more birds than one has actually killed. The man who does this sort of thing, as well as he who is always making excuses for his bad shooting, will find invitations few and far between. He gets himself almost as much disliked as the person who shoots carelessly, and peppers dogs or beaters, or who climbs fences with his gun at full cock.

As in the hunting field, women have also acquired a bad reputation for recklessness in the coverts or the stubble, and there are society dames one could name who have difficulty in finding men brave enough to accompany them to the covert side.

Taking them all round, fishermen are perhaps the most courteous of sportsmen. In the matter of bottom fishing, where a man sits all day on the bank or in a punt, there is not much question of etiquette. But how such an angler will "bless" the cockney boating party who casually pull their boat right over his float!

Fly-fishing, however, has a strict code of etiquette. The worst crime from a fly-fisherman's point of view is for another fisherman to cut in in front of him and begin operations in the pool immediately above where he is casting. Such a proceeding puts an end to all hope of sport for a long time to come, for casting across a pool puts the fish down, and it is usually reckoned that fully twenty minutes must elapse before frightened trout will rise again.

If, when you reach the water, you find another man at work on the pool you had selected, you should either sit down and wait or go up-stream for at least a quarter of a mile.

It is thoroughly bad form to bring a dog with you to a trout stream, for the animal, if it goes after water rats, will spoil sport for you and everybody else. Also you must never go near the bank where another fisherman is busy, for your shadow on the water is quite sufficient to frighten the fish.

There is nothing like sport to teach a man good manners. Your true sportsman is the truest gentleman, and no one, however fine a horseman or shot, can claim to be a sportsman until he has learnt the great lesson of consideration for others.

THE BURGLAR (to Mrs. Jones): "If you venture to say another word, madam, I'll shoot."

Mr. Jones (fascinated): "I say my good man, how much will you take to stay here for a week?"

SHE WAS BUSY.

A LADY came down from upstairs and asked the manager of the hotel if she could get a glass of water at once.

"Why, certainly, madam," said the manager, filling up a glass from the filter.

Two minutes later she was back in the office again. "I don't like to trouble you," she said, "but could I get another glass of water right away?"

"No trouble at all, madam," said the manager, handing her another glass.

Two minutes later she appeared again. This time she asked for two glasses.

"Certainly, madam," said the affable manager; "but may I inquire what you are doing with so much water?"

"Well," she said, "I don't want to frighten you, but my room is on fire and I'm trying to put it out."

"CAN any little boy," asked the new teacher, "tell me the difference between a lake and an ocean?"

"I can," replied Edward, whose wisdom had been learned from experience. "Lakes are much pleasanter to swallow when you fall in."

IMMORTALISING A WAITRESS.

HISTORY repeats itself. Protests are just now pouring into Washington against the representation on the new American coinage of a pretty Irish waitress named Bridget Cunningham.

It appears that the designer, the late Mr. Saint Gaudens, chose the girl as his model for the emblematic figure of Liberty, which he had been instructed to place upon the obverse of his design. He selected her solely on artistic grounds and without any regard to her moral character, which has since been discovered to be none of the best. Hence the objection to immortalising her by portraying her form and features on Uncle Sam's dollars.

A precisely similar outcry accompanied the choice, by our King Charles II., of the fair but frail Miss Stewart (afterwards Duchess of Richmond) as a model for Britannia on the new copper coinage of his reign. Pepys voiced the general disgust: "The King's new penny, where, in little, there is Mrs. Stewart's face. And a nice thing it is, that he should choose her face to represent Britannia by."

Perhaps it was some recollection of this that led Pistrucchi, when, in 1817, he designed the St. George and Dragon, which still appears upon all our gold coins and one of our silver ones, to dispense with a model altogether.

The result, however, is hardly satisfactory, as anybody who possesses a sovereign or a crown can see for himself. The horse, of nondescript breed, is gazing abstractedly into the air, instead of where precisely it would have looked, at the monster between its legs; while St. George, with bare feet, but wearing a helmet, is about to deliver a mortal blow at the dragon with a sword which cannot reach him by a couple of yards.

"HAIR DRILL."

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REMARKABLE RESULTS PROMISED.

Have you ever heard of "hair drill"? No?

Well, every hair of your head is a little soldier. The duty it shares with its more or less numerous fellows is that of maintaining the temperature of your brain at normal. Without a well-trained head of hair your brain must become too hot in summer and too cold in winter, and you have headaches when the sun shines, and colds in the head when the sun doesn't shine.

This is considering the subject of your hair quite apart from the aspect of mere appearance, important as this is in itself.

ARE YOU WILLING TO TRY?

"How can you drill your hair?"

Well, are you willing to try? Are you willing to test the drilling of your hair for one week, if it entails no more expense than the trivial amount of 3d.

"Yes," you say.

All right; now, will you just note that the present condition of your hair is either one or more of the following:

1. Dry. 4. Losing colour. 7. Greasy.
2. Brittle. 5. Falling. 8. Slightly odorous.
3. Lustreless. 6. Scurfy. (or) 9. Thin or patchy.

Under one or other of these definitions you will probably be able to classify yourself, for it is a remarkable and significant fact that an ideal head of hair is practically a rarity.

There is scarcely one person in a hundred who can claim absolute freedom from one or the other of the above-mentioned hair faults, and a little self-examination and reflection upon your part will soon convince you of the truth of this statement. You may have a full head of hair, but are you not fearfully troubled with scurf, and isn't your hair in a perpetually greasy, and therefore obnoxious, condition?

A PERSONAL DUTY.

Or, again, your hair is of a dry, dull, and lifeless nature, lacking that lustre which betokens real hair vitality. Strong, healthy hair has characteristics the very opposite to any of those mentioned, and, putting it to you as a deeply personal matter, don't you think it very desirable that ill-health of the hair demands and should receive as much attention and care as ill-health and disease of the body.

If you, therefore, can candidly admit to yourself that your hair does come under one or more of the foregoing descriptions, you certainly ought not to let slip this opportunity of so easily and so cheaply finding out what the right kind of care for your hair will do for you—you certainly ought to try one week's free test drill of your hair. Do you not think so?

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In any case, the trial cannot fail to be deeply interesting to you.

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The trial, short as it is, will yet show you—

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Why not send to-day, and thus place yourself in a position to commence the week's trial the day after to-morrow?

A strong word of caution should be given against taking internal remedies which will ruin your constitution and cheap, worthless remedies which will ruin your hair.

"Harlene" is sold at all chemists, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. per bottle.

FORM OF APPLICATION.

To WEEK'S TEST DEPT., EDWARDS' HARLENE CO., 95-6, High Holborn, London, W.C.

Please forward me, as per your offer mentioned in article above, the special free bottle of "Harlene" necessary for one week's practical trial of this preparation as a "hair drill." I enclose three penny stamps to cover postage. If called for no charge is made.

NAME

ADDRESS

Pearson's Weekly, Oct. 31, '07.

The NOVEMBER ROYAL contains a thrilling story called "The Man Who Couldn't Make Up His Mind." Don't imitate him. Get it at once.



To Limerickers.

E. J. writes: "Do those who send in on the last day get as much consideration as the earlier arrivals in the limerick competitions? I am told it is only the first efforts which stand any chance."
—The day on which an attempt from a competitor in the limerick competition is received has no bearing on the likelihood of its success, so long as it complies with the conditions in every respect. Each entry form is carefully read, and its merits considered, whether it is the first or last to arrive at this office.

His Confidence Increased.

W. S. W. writes: "I was more than pleased to receive fivepence in stamps, sent in excess for limerick line by an oversight. I did not think when I found what I had done that it would be noticed in the rush there must be with so many postal-orders. Now, I am doubly sure that each line must be seen, and the money properly applied, and I am glad for this, though goodness knows (for I have never won a cent, though I have sent in scores of lines and some good ones) that a prize to me would have been a godsend in more ways than one. I still send, and induce my friends to send, till I hope to hit the bull's-eye and win, and then try again. The amount of work to your staff must be prodigious; but I have tried always to refute any allusion to haphazard methods, and this receipt of stamps clinches for ever my argument in favour of your unique system of examining the limerick lines. With wishes for the continued success of P.W."
—I am glad to hear from your letter that you have such increased confidence in the manner in which our limerick competitions are conducted. You may rest assured that everything is done to safeguard the interests of competitors.

"The House of Rimmon."

Months ago, when I found to what an unusual extent our serial, "In the Grip of Fate," was moving readers to send in their written appreciation of the story, I determined to ask John K. Prothero, the author of that splendid tale, to write another serial for P.W. Naturally, such an undertaking takes time, inasmuch as P.W. serials are not selected in any haphazard manner, for I am pleased to say that the paper has a reputation for its serials it hopes never to lose, and it is a great burden off my shoulders when the preliminary plot and the finished story are definitely passed. One or two serials have come and gone since "In the Grip of Fate" finished, but I'm glad to say that "The House of Rimmon" is a worthy successor. I have no hesitation in saying that I know it will hold your attention, and I shall await your verdict with confidence. "The House of Rimmon" starts next week.

Crushing Replies.

"I was staying at Folkestone last week," writes BACHMELON, "and while I was there someone told me the story of Queen Elizabeth's visit to the town, when she made such a merciless retort to the mayor. The latter, mounted upon a small dais, had commenced to recite an ode, beginning,

Most gracious Queen,
Welcome to Folkestein,

when Elizabeth is reported to have cut him short with the remark:

Most precious fool,
Get off that stool.

I do not know whether this story is true or not, but if so I should think it was the most crushing reply ever administered. Do you know one to beat it?—It certainly is a trifle unkind, and from what I have read about "Good Queen Bess," I should think she was quite capable of having said it. As an example of a really withering reply, however, I am inclined to think it has on several occasions been surpassed. Wasn't it Disraeli who, in answer to a long and impassioned speech in the Commons, started off with the remark: "The Honourable Member has told us many new and many true things. Unfortunately, the things which were new were not true, and the things which were true were not new"? There is also the famous retort of Jerrold's, when some unsuccessful writer slapped him on the back, and exclaimed, "We row in the same boat." "Yes," replied the author of "Mrs. Caudle," "but thank Heaven we've got different skulls."

£500 a Year for Life.

All attempts in this Competition must be posted in time to arrive at these offices not later than **TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 5th**. Envelopes should be marked "Five Hundred" in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to "The Editor, 'Pearson's Weekly,' Henrietta Street, London, W.C."

Sliding Doors for Railway Carriages.

"Don't you think," asks MORSE, "that it would be a decided improvement if sliding doors were used in all railway carriages? I have never heard of these being tried by any railway company, but I venture to suggest that the number of accidents due to the sudden opening of carriage doors would be greatly decreased, if sliding doors were adopted."

The chief objection to your idea, MORSE, is the unfortunate habit people possess of allowing the train to start without first closing the door. With the present variety, a porter standing on the platform is able to remedy this defect without difficulty. To shut a sliding door, however, while the train was in motion would involve a quickness and activity that would gain its fortunate possessor a comfortable income on the music-halls. With the doors now in use on most railways there is really no danger of being precipitated upon the line. Sliding doors, if in easy working order, would, I should think, be very liable to be jolted open by the shaking of the train.

Bishops' Palaces.

"I see," says V. K., "that one of the bishops has been suggesting that it would be as well to get rid of some of the expensive bishops' palaces, the upkeep of which takes away such a large part of their income. I was wondering what was the origin of the name bishop's palace. Though many of these residences are fine, old places, the word palace seems rather an exaggerated term to apply to them. I always thought it meant the home of a king."
—"Palace" did originally convey such an idea, V. K. It is derived from the Palatine Hill, on which stood the dwellings of the Roman Emperors. The term soon came to be applied to any particularly magnificent abode, however, and in Scotland at the present day you may see such instances as Hamilton Palace and Dalkeith Palace, the respective seats of the Dukes of Hamilton and Buccleuch. With regard to the bishops' residences, you must remember that in the Middle Ages a bishop was a very great man indeed, and ranked far above most noblemen. Although many of them were saintly and self-denying men, others lived in such magnificent style, that the word palaces, as applied to their homes, did not seem at all out of place.

Ghost at Birmingham.

BIRMINGHAM would seem to be almost the last place in which one might expect to find a ghost. There is a breezy, up-to-date, go-ahead sort of air about the Midland Metropolis which I should think would make any self-respecting shade shrink away in disgust. B. L. O., however, who has taken a small, old-fashioned house just outside Edgbaston, feels quite certain that he is entertaining the shade of some previous tenant. "Almost every night," he writes, "while we are lying in bed, we can hear the stairs creaking exactly as if someone were coming up. I have several times gone out of my room feeling quite certain that there was a burglar on the premises, but I have never found a trace of any human being. My wife is certain that it must be a ghost. I don't mind myself whether it is or not, but the nuisance is that we can't get a servant to stay with us. Do you know any effective method of 'laying' our nightly disturber?"

Yes, I do, B. L. O. Go to-morrow morning to some architect or house surveyor, and get him to come and have a look at your staircase. You will probably find that in the course of time some of the stairs have become a little loose. People passing up and down in the daytime cause them to give slightly in a certain direction, and at night, when they are not being used, they probably return with a creaking noise to their right position. I am sorry to shatter romance in any form, but I think you will find that this is a more probable explanation than the presence of some deceased Birmingham worthy revisiting the scenes of long ago.

Wanted a Hobby.

HAROLD is anxious to take up some hobby. "Until recently," he writes, "I have been too busy to bother much about amusements of any kind. In future, however, I shall have more time on my hands, and I want to start a hobby which will prove interesting, and, at the same time, not too ruinously expensive. What would you suggest? I live in the country, but within easy reach of a fair-sized town. I should like something that would keep me more or less in the open air."—Why not try photography, HAROLD? It would fulfil both your

requirements—namely, keeping you a good deal out of doors, and not being too extravagant. You may meet with some disappointments at first, particularly just now during the dull weather; but if you stick to it you will find that there are few more delightful pursuits in the world. At first your chief entertainment will probably be derived from experimenting on your friends. As you progress, however, you will doubtless become more ambitious, and there is really no limit to the interesting possibilities which photography opens out. Taking snap-shots of wild life, for instance, is a truly fascinating employment. The pleasure which a sportsman feels in having pumped a liberal supply of lead into an innocent bunny is nothing to that experienced by a photographer in having secured a charming negative of the same animal sitting peacefully beside his hole washing his face. Yes, if I were you, HAROLD, I should certainly fall back upon the camera. I don't mean literally, of course. That might spoil your operations at the outset.

Concerning Billiard Cues.

"In the billiard-room the other evening," writes CUN, "I asked several of the players, some of whom had played for years, why the butt end of a billiard cue should have a flat side. None of them seemed to know, but some ventured the opinion that it was in connection with the balance. Others thought it was to put a name plate on, while one suggested it was only an attempt at taking away the plainness of a round end. I should be glad if you can tell me the real reason."—I consulted the most enthusiastic billiard player of my acquaintance, CUN, and he informed me that the flat side was a relic of the days when one used to be allowed to use the butt for a certain stroke. Mr. P. Doubleday looked in at "Thurston's," and they seemed to think that this explanation was probably the correct one. The shape is still retained, as it enables manufacturers to put on a small die bearing the name of the firm. It has nothing to do with the balance.

How Much, Please?

S. G. H. has a grievance against shopkeepers in general and jewellers in particular. He strongly objects to their habit of putting goods in their windows without marking the price. He has often hesitated on the doorstep, and then turned away again for fear lest the shopman, observing him to be "a person of some importance," should be tempted to charge him a few more shillings than he would someone else. "I have an instance under notice," he writes, "where two people went into the same shop on different dates and inquired the cost of an article, and were given two entirely different prices."—I have no doubt that this sort of thing frequently happens, S. G. H.; in fact, the object of a good many tradesmen in not marking their goods is to be able to regulate their prices according to the appearance of their customers. In future, when you want to buy some articles, you should disguise yourself as an impoverished and unimportant individual, and see whether you can obtain more favourable terms. One reason why jewellers do not mark the prices of their goods is that such tickets are apt to arouse covetousness in the hearts of the less prosperous section of the public. A starving and homeless tramp, on seeing a diamond and ruby necklace marked, "Sale Price. Very cheap; only £6,500. Usual price £8,000," might be sorely tempted to put a brick through the plate glass, pick up the bargain, and see whether he could not raise a pound or two on it from some obliging and broad-minded East-End pawnbroker.

Dark or Fair?

W. J. M. has been having an argument with a friend on the subject of bad, bold, lady villains. W. J. M. maintains that the type of lady who poisons papa for the insurance money, and hurls her baby into the bottomless well, ha! ha! is usually gifted with a luxurious growth of dark hair. His friend, on the other hand, strongly resents such an assertion as a gross libel upon the beautiful brunette, and inclines to the opinion that if there is a shady bit of business going round, it is the blue-eyed, yellow-haired lady who will be there or thereabouts. "If you will tell us what you think on the subject," finishes W. J. M., "we will abide by your decision."—No, no, W. J. M., I am not to be drawn like that. Do you think I want a flood of indignant letters from hundreds of my beautiful lady readers? I will very cautiously and "without prejudice" admit, that both novelists and playwrights have a tendency to make the heroine fair and her less scrupulous rival dark, but that such a state of things can really be justified by experience, I would be the last to maintain. I think the custom probably arose from the fact that the villainess (if there is such a word) in fiction was frequently represented as an Italian, a Frenchwoman, or a gipsy, and so the question of her being dark gradually came to be an accepted tradition. My own opinion is that the nicest, gentlest, and most lovely of the fair sex are, as a rule—ah! Nearly let it out that time.

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Sport's Ugliest Crimes.

Rules that Sportsmen Should Never Break.

A GENTLEMAN well known in Essex as a keen follower of hounds was driving to the station one very bad winter's day, when he saw a man whom he knew slightly tramping along the slushy road carrying a large bag. He offered him a lift, which was gratefully accepted.

Suddenly the horse shied, one wheel dropped into a ditch, and over went the dog cart. When the half-stunned driver picked himself up, he saw the other man hurriedly stuffing something back into the bag, which had broken open in the fall. It was a dead fox.

"Where did you get that?" he roared.
"I shot it in my chicken yard," replied the other, "and I'm taking it to be stuffed."

The sportsman tried to regain his feet, but could not, for an ankle was sprained. The other saw his plight and came to his help. "Get out!" shouted the injured man. "Don't let me ever see you again. I'd rather lie here for ever than take help from a man who shot a fox." And he drove the other away with threats and violent language.

There are plenty of good sportsmen who consider the shooting of a fox a crime only second to homicide. The value set on a fox's life varies in different parts of the country, for there are portions of Scotland where hunting is unknown and where foxes are destroyed as vermin.

But taking it all round, the shooting of a fox is easily the worst crime in the sportsman's decalogue, and the man who does such a thing is likely to be absolutely ostracised.

JUMPING INTO A MAN'S POCKET.

Hunting has a strict code of etiquette, both for packs and individuals. Each hunt has its own territory, and no pack may draw a covert belonging to another without invitation or permission. But when hounds are running, then it is perfectly permissible to follow and kill the fox anywhere. If, however, reynard goes to ground upon land belonging to another hunt, his refuge must be respected. He must not be dug out as he would be if he went to ground upon the hunt's own territory.

One of the worst crimes which an individual can commit in the hunting field is to ride over hounds. The man who does this kind of thing is, of course, not worthy of the name of sportsman, and is certain to get the rough side of the master's tongue.

Another hunting offence is to ride a kicker without putting a red ribbon on the horse's tail. A kicker is a very serious danger in a crowded gate or gap, and may ruin another horse or break the rider's leg.

A very dangerous practice rightly condemned by all hunting people is that of riding "jealous." If two people race for the same jump they are very apt to cannon in mid-air and come to awful grief. In the same category may be placed a sin which is a specialty of hunting ladies—namely, "jumping into a man's pocket."

A lady will take a man as a pilot, and follow him so closely that, if he comes to grief at a fence, the chances are even that she lands right on top of him. Some of the worst accidents on record have been caused in this way.

A RULE THAT PREVENTS TORTURE.

To turn from hunting to shooting, here, again, jealousy is the worst of bad form. Every member of a shooting party must stay on the spot or the line upon which his host or the keeper has placed him. He must on no account change his position in order to secure better shots, nor must he, under any consideration, attempt to bag birds which are nearer another shooter. If his neighbour misses, then, and not till then, will the true sportsman take his chance of "wiping the other's eye."

To take so long a shot that you risk injuring the bird without killing it is rightly considered a serious offence. A bird slightly wounded flies away beyond reach of dogs and beaters and dies in lingering misery.

It is almost equally wrong to go to the other extreme and take too near a shot, so smashing the bird up as to render it unfit for food or market. Pheasants especially should not be shot at a nearer range than twenty-five yards, nor a greater than fifty. Partridges and grouse can be fired at when twenty yards away, for they are heavier plumaged birds as well as smaller than the pheasant.

It need hardly be added that it is the worst of bad manners to boast of one's prowess or to claim more birds than one has actually killed. The man who does this sort of thing, as well as he who is always making excuses for his bad shooting, will find invitations few and far between. He gets himself almost as much disliked as the person who shoots carelessly, and peppers dogs or beaters, or who climbs fences with his gun at full cock.

As in the hunting field, women have also acquired a bad reputation for recklessness in the coverts or the stubble, and there are society dames one could name who have difficulty in finding men brave enough to accompany them to the covert side.

Taking them all round, fishermen are perhaps the most courteous of sportsmen. In the matter of bottom fishing, where a man sits all day on the bank or in a punt, there is not much question of etiquette. But how such an angler will "bless" the cockney boating party who casually pull their boat right over his float!

Fly-fishing, however, has a strict code of etiquette. The worst crime from a fly-fisherman's point of view is for another fisherman to cut in in front of him and begin operations in the pool immediately above where he is casting. Such a proceeding puts an end to all hope of sport for a long time to come, for casting across a pool puts the fish down, and it is usually reckoned that fully twenty minutes must elapse before frightened trout will rise again.

If, when you reach the water, you find another man at work on the pool you had selected, you should either sit down and wait or go up-stream for at least a quarter of a mile.

It is thoroughly bad form to bring a dog with you to a trout stream, for the animal, if it goes after water rats, will spoil sport for you and everybody else. Also you must never go near the bank where another fisherman is busy, for your shadow on the water is quite sufficient to frighten the fish.

There is nothing like sport to teach a man good manners. Your true sportsman is the truest gentleman, and no one, however fine a horseman or shot, can claim to be a sportsman until he has learnt the great lesson of consideration for others.

THE BURGLED (to Mrs. Jones): "If you venture to say another word, madam, I'll shoot."

Mr. Jones (fascinated): "I say my good man, how much will you take to stay here for a week?"

SHE WAS BUSY.

A LADY came down from upstairs and asked the manager of the hotel if she could get a glass of water at once.

"Why, certainly, madam," said the manager, filling up a glass from the filter.

Two minutes later she was back in the office again.

"I don't like to trouble you," she said, "but could I get another glass of water right away?"

"No trouble at all, madam," said the manager, handing her another glass.

Two minutes later she appeared again. This time she asked for two glasses.

"Certainly, madam," said the affable manager; "but may I inquire what you are doing with so much water?"

"Well," she said, "I don't want to frighten you, but my room is on fire and I'm trying to put it out."

"CAN any little boy," asked the new teacher, "tell me the difference between a lake and an ocean?"

"I can," replied Edward, whose wisdom had been learned from experience. "Lakes are much pleasanter to swallow when you fall in."

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There is scarcely one person in a hundred who can claim absolute freedom from one or the other of the above-mentioned hair faults, and a little self-examination and reflection upon your part will soon convince you of the truth of this statement. You may have a full head of hair, but are you not fearfully troubled with scurf, and isn't your hair in a perpetually greasy, and therefore obnoxious, condition?

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As before stated, without placing yourself under any obligation whatever, you will become entitled to a supply sufficient for the interesting test above outlined, immediately on your sending simply your name and address on the application form appended below.

Why not send to-day, and thus place yourself in a position to commence the week's trial the day after to-morrow?

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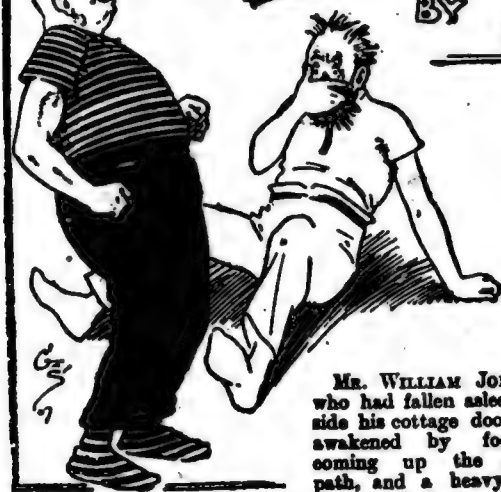
The NOVEMBER ROYAL contains a thrilling story called "The Man Who Couldn't Make Up His Mind." Don't imitate him. Get it at once.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE BETRAYAL

BY Stacey Blake

An Amusing Short Story of
Village Life.



Mr. WILLIAM JOHNSON, who had fallen asleep outside his cottage door, was awakened by footsteps coming up the garden path, and a heavy-faced, strongly built man came

into view from behind the hollyhocks as he opened his eyes. The stranger's face seemed somehow familiar, yet Mr. Johnson could not quite remember where he had seen it before.

The new-comer stopped and smiled.

"Wot, you don't know me!" he said. "Dear-o-dear, fancy forgetting old pals like that! Oh, William!"

"Wot, is it Jimmy James?" cried Mr. Johnson.

"You bet it is," replied the other heartily. "Shake hands, old man, I'm jolly glad to see you. Nice quiet little place this, Cloverbury. And you look pretty comfy here too. By ginger, William, you were lucky to come into that ten bob a week when your aged grandmother died!"

"Not enough," said Mr. Johnson, with the air of a man who had made up his mind. "Not enough to keep a chap properly, but just enough to breed in a chap a dislike for graft. To tell the truth, I fair 'ate work."

"Oh, William, if you'd only been out into the cruel world like I have!" observed Mr. James. "Now I've found an old friend, I feel like staying with him for ever."

"No, don't say that," said Mr. Johnson hastily. "I'm hardly able to keep myself in grub."

"Is that a bottle of beer on the kitchen-table there?" inquired Mr. James. "My word, I'm fair fainting with thirst!"

Mr. Johnson reluctantly opened the bottle, and after a moment's thought brought out two glasses.

"Well, here's to luck!" said Mr. James genially, and the other nodded, and added something similarly appropriate.

"My word, I'm wanting luck!" Mr. Johnson said. "Wot I want is to make a bit o' money easily. Now, 'ow should you do it?"

"Do some work," suggested his friend.

Mr. Johnson rejected the proposition with a growl.

"Anybody can earn money like that," he said. "Now, a man wi' brains don't 'ave to work. I want a good brainy idea to make money without working, only I've got to make it some'ow."

"The lady's name?" inquired Mr. James affably.

"You've made a good guess," admitted the other. "She's a widow with a little money, but she has got plaguey strict ideas about a chap bein' able to provide for 'erself and not depending on 'is wife. Now, ten bob a week ain't much to keep a wife on. She's a nice little body, name o' Mrs. Simmons. Lives at that 'ouse with the green shutters at the end of the village."

"I suppose she's not coming on fast enough?" said Mr. James.

"Um, a bit shy at nibbling, I should say," admitted Mr. Johnson.

"You don't 'appen to 'ave another bottle of ale 'andy, do you, William?" asked the other, pessimistically regarding his empty glass.

"I was just getting an idea, but I can never think when I'm dry. What I was going to say," he continued when he had taken a cooling draught, "was how it would be for me to go knocking at her door like, saying I was a lawyer, and inquiring for the address of that lucky chap William Johnson, who'd just come in for fifty thousand pounds! She'd be round here to congratulate you as soon as she could get her bonnet on. And then, wot to!"

"She wears a 'at," said Mr. Johnson.

"But the idea?"

"Is all right as far as it goes, but it don't go very far. I don't want to pretend to get 'old of some money, I want to really 'andle some. See?"

"Um! I was thinking," said Mr. James, handling his empty pipe insinuatingly, "of that scrap we 'ad when we were at school. What a whacking you gave me!"

"Ay, so I did," answered Mr. Johnson, enjoying the memory.

"You used to be pretty 'andy with your fists. 'Ave you kept it up?"

"Er—pretty fair," said Mr. Johnson, regarding the big body of the other furtively.

"And is there anybody you'd like to do a thiek-'un to? I mean anybody you'd like to lift a siver off by a little judicious thought?"

The other laughed at the bare idea.

"There's Tom Spatts, Jack Sawbridge, Sol Sankey, Alf Hanks, Bob—"

"My eye!" interrupted the visitor. "You've got a fortune fair waiting to be gathered up! Have you a smoke 'andy? I can't think for nuts 'less I've got me face clamped round something."

Mr. Johnson was in such haste to hear what was pulsing in the other's fertile brain that he hastily thrust upon him a richly decorated cigar.

"I suppose you buys this label, and they gives the cigar in with it," observed Mr. James. "Well, well. Now, as I was going to say, nobody ain't seen me come up 'ere, and nobody need see me go away. Suppose I went up to the Worm and Washpot—which is as nice and cosy a little inn as any man could wish for—and suppose I took a room there, and then gave

it out, gentle like—in secret, o' course; not to be talked about, you know, which would get 'it round the village in 'arf an hour—that I was Jim Hunks, the champion middle-weight, otherwise known as the Birmingham Buster, come down to do a quiet bit o' training. I should, o' course, have to do dumbbell exercise in me bedroom, and all that, and take blooming cold baths every morning—ugh!—at least I could kid I did, and live on eggs and mutton chops and things o' that sort."

"I 'ope you can afford it," said Mr. Johnson cautiously.

"But I can't see the point."

"Well, don't you see? I shall get no end of a reputation in a day or two, and everybody will know about me and the fights I've won—everybody except you, and you won't know because you'll have been very poorly for a day or two and not been out. Well, now, when you've got better you'll stroll down to the Worm and Washpot one night feelin' in a very bad temper. I shall be there sitting in a corner 'aving a lemonade, and when you come in I shall ask what they call you, whether it's a face under your 'at or a hot cross bun, and—"

"Here, chuck it!" cried Mr. Johnson unpleasantly.

"No, don't you understand, William, I shall insult you publicly, and bein' a prize-fighter wot's never been defeated, I shall feel able to. But, now, you won't know I'm a prize-fighter, and you'll up and call me a mug-faced esterpillar or something like that. See?"

"Yes, that sounds a bit better," answered Mr. Johnson.

"And you'll threaten to bang me across the face?"

"Now you're talking sense."

"And then I shall give a wink all round at the company for 'em to hold their tongues as I'm a prize-fighter, and I shall say nervous-like that I'm not much of a scrapper, but as I can't stand bein' insulted I'll 'ave a dust-up with you on the morrow. Then I shall retire, not feelin' very well. When I'm gone you'll begin bragging about wot a laking you're goin' to give me, and you'll see nobody won't say a word to you as I'm a prize-fighter. They'll just sit tight and enjoy the fun. Then they'll ask if you'd like to back yourself, and of course you will. And they'll all be so anxious to make money that it's my opinion you'll be able to get on anything you like. They'll all want to bet on me, d'yer see, and they'll be ready to put anything they've got on."

"And then when the fight comes along, I win, and collar all the money," cried Mr. Johnson beamingly.

"No, you share it with me," said the other, "and there should be plenty for both of us. In fact, you ought to be able to mint money, considering there's all those chaps you mentioned wot you ain't on very friendly terms with and who'll be glad to make a bit out of you and see you 'ammered at the same time."

In furtherance of the scheme, Mr. James that evening moved under the hospitable roof of the Worm and Washpot, after with some difficulty negotiating the loan of a sovereign from Mr. Johnson for current expenses; and he started his training by ordering four eggs and two chops for supper, after which he talked with the landlord in a little back parlour, promisingly opening the conversation with the subject of his late meal and the kind of food he always took when training.

And then presently, when the landlord grew curious, he whispered in confidence that he was Jim Hunks, known variously by that name and the alluring one of the Birmingham Buster.

"Corse, I shouldn't talk about it too much," said Mr. James. "I'm come here because it's quiet, just to get fit before going into the hands of my trainer. I've been taking it easy since I whacked Banger Bill of Permondsey in six rounds. Wot, you didn't 'ear about it? Well, you'll 'ear about my next. It's for the seven-stone championship of the world, agen Tom Tuffin, of America. I'll come down 'ere when I've won, and do the house a bit of good. I daren't drink champagne now. I daren't look at a label even, I have to be so strict."

"Well, well! I suppose you'd know Peter Simmons, sir?" observed the landlord, clearing away the dishes.

"E was a light-weight—regular lasher out—and he'd have been alive now if he hadn't let a horse tread on him. He used to keep this very house, sir, but he got into the bad habit of sleeping in the stable after brewing, when he'd got the smell of the barley on his brain."

"Yes, I knew of him, but of course he was only a second-rater," said Mr. James airily.

"Yes, p'raps you'd call 'im so, though he won a good many fights. His widow lives in Cloverbury now—that 'ouse with the green shutters just at the end of the village. He left her nicely off, he did. Well, well!"

It presently soaked into Mr. James's brain that this lady was the one to whom his friend and fellow-conspirator had lost his heart, and after a bit he began to be curious to know what the lady was like. Elated with the success of his new character, he had yearnings to give it further trial and greater scope, and it struck him that since the late Mr. Simmons was a pugilist, it would be easy enough to introduce himself to the lady.

With this idea in view, he therefore knocked at the door of the house with the green shutters, after a short walk up and down the village. A lady with a fresh-coloured face and plump figure opened the door, and glanced interrogatively at the visitor.

"Am I speaking to the wife—I mean the widow—of my old pal Peter Simmons, ma'am?" began Mr. James, leaning against the door-post.

"I'm Mrs. Simmons," answered the lady rather sharply, and she asked, with a quick look of suspicion, "Do you say you were one of Peter's friends?"

"Er—well, I was able to do him a bit of good once or twice," said Mr. James cautiously.

"Because," said the lady, looking into the visitor's face, "most of Peter's friends were no credit to him."

"Ha, of course," sighed Mr. James, "Peter 'ad his faults, as I often used to tell him. I never 'ad the pleasure of knowing you, ma'am, but I often used to tell 'im if 'e'd only copy his wife a bit more—"

"It's a bit chilly at the door; we'd better go into the parlour, Mr.—Mr.—"

"My name's Jim Hunks, ma'am, and they do call me the Birmingham Buster."

"What, you're in the profession, then!" she said, drawing a chair up for him.

"Yes, ma'am, and never been beaten yet."

"Well I never! You must be a man, then. I believe I married Peter because I thought he was one, but he had no pluck. He couldn't take his gruel," she added in the language of the ring. "Too fond of liquorin' up was Peter. I once gave him toke myself with a broomstick! Ha, dear!"

"Yes, 'e 'ad his faults," sighed Mr. James discreetly.

"You must 'ave suffered, ma'am."

"Ha, yes, as few know!"

"I used to know," said Mr. James, with feeling. "Many a time have I said to Pete, 'Peter,' I says, just like that, 'Peter, if I had one of the best-looking women in England as my wife I'd be different.'"

Mrs. Simmons simpered and looked down, and then sighed resignedly.

Presently it dawned upon Mr. James that he was having a pleasant evening, and it was at this stage of the proceedings that he observed a photograph on the mantelpiece that half a look told him was the pictorial representation of William Johnson.

"I'm reckoned a judge of faces," he said abruptly, "and you know what I've said about yours, but there's something about that face there I don't like." He picked up the photograph. "A bad face. There's deceit in it. I should say he would be a man who would make love to two or three women at once. I beg pardon, ma'am, I 'ave gone too far. Maybe 'e's a relation of yours?"

"Just an acquaintance," said the widow. "I never—"

But just then there was a knock at the door, and when it was opened Mr. Johnson walked into the room. It was an awkward moment, but Mr. James carried his character along quite perfectly, and when he was introduced he chatted to the other quite unrestrainedly, and also to the widow, who as the evening wore on seemed to be enjoying herself amazingly.

As for Mr. Johnson, he hardly knew how to bear the evening through, and when they got out into the street he turned fiercely on the other.

"Wot d'you mean by it?" he exclaimed. "I didn't tell you to go calling on her."

"Look 'ere, William," said the other firmly. "Am I to play this part properly, or not? Very well, then. I'm a prize-fighter as was a friend of her poor dead husband. So, of course, I calls on 'er. I've got to be natural. Besides, if I get to know 'er I can put in a word for you. Only you ain't playin' your part, William. You ought to be at home ill in bed to-night."

At the Worm and Washpot Mr. James found a large company assembled. A hush fell on the bar-room as he entered, and presently, with marked deference, someone asked him if he would take refreshment. When he graciously acquiesced he was popular at once, and before closing-time he was telling the company of some of his great battles.

"Of course, I'm down here to be quiet," he said, "but we're all friends here."

The residence of the great champion at the Worm and Washpot certainly proved a benefit to that house, for in the evening time most of the male population of Cloverbury crowded into that hostelry to get a look at him and to hear him talk. And Mr. James did talk. He found the liking for it grew on him. It was when he was in the midst of telling how he fought Mile End Mike for a thousand pounds that according to arrangements Mr. William Johnson sauntered in.

It was his part to pretend that he was in a vile temper, and he did not have to pretend, because that was his actual state. Indeed he had been in no other condition since meeting Mr. James in Mrs. Simmons's parlour. Doubtless he would have been worse annoyed had he known that his friend had been round there several times since. He favoured the champion with an insolent stare as he entered, and then he went to the bar and ordered a ginger-wine and a large cigar, and in a loud voice begged the landlord to fill himself one of anything he liked.

"Must have 'ad his pension raised," said Alf Hanks.

"Or been to work," suggested Sol Sankey.

"Most likely done somebody," observed Jack Sawbridge.

"I always 'ave a look at the 'Police News' on Saturday's," said Tom Spatts significantly.

"Wot I want to know is," said Mr. James in a loud, aggressive voice, pointing to Mr. Johnson, "wot is that?" and he gave a knowing wink round the room to indicate that some fun was coming on. "As it got blown in by the wind, or 'as someone dug it up in the garden?" he asked.

Mr. Johnson turned savagely on the speaker.

"I don't know who you are," he said cuttingly, "but an ugly face like yours 'ad be much better sprinkled on a garden! Much usefuller than them chemical manures," he added as he put his glass to his lips.

A thrill went round the company. What would happen next. Several expected the champion to precipitately leap over the table and eat up William Johnson.

"E doesn't know who 'e's dealin' with," whispered Sol Sankey, nudging Alf Hanks. "Keep quiet and watch 'em."

"If I had a face like that," observed the champion coolly, "I should hire it out to frighten children with. But it might go too far," he added on reflection. "It might poison 'em—the look of it."

Then Mr. Johnson, in his palpable ignorance of whom he

was addressing, grew violent, and he brought his fist on the table in front of the great fighter.

"You're a ham-faced haddock!" he cried. "If your parents 'ad 'ad any sense o' their duty to the country, they'd have never allowed you to grow up. I've a good mind to do what they oughter have done."

The room fairly shivered. Even those who disliked Mr. Johnson felt sorry for him. The landlord began to hastily gather empty glasses up from the tables.

"My lad," said the champion with dignity, "you might make an appetite for me before breakfast if you'll come round in the morning, and I'll then undertake to alter that head of yours so as you won't know upon which side your face is!"

"I'll fight you now or I'll fight you to-morrow!" exclaimed Mr. Johnson amid great sensation.

The company was delighted. Mr. Johnson had got himself disliked lately, and several gentlemen nearly burst themselves at the thought of what was going to happen and what he was putting himself in for. It was amid tremendous excitement that the terms were made, and when at length the champion withdrew, after a solemn wink at the company, which nearly sent several gentlemen who had a grudge against Mr. Johnson rolling under the table with laughter, that latter gentleman began loudly boasting that he'd break up the stranger in a way that would astonish them, and he expressed himself willing to back himself to any amount.

Thereupon a rush was made by the whole company to make money out of the misguided one, and as most had been to market that day there was plenty of loose cash about.

"I don't, of course, know anything about that chap," observed Jack Sawbridge untruthfully, "but I rather fancy the shape of 'is neck. I don't mind betting you a fiver you don't knock him out."

"I'll take it," answered Mr. William Johnson, pulling out the money with a readiness that suggested confirmation of their previous supposition that he had come into some more money.

Tom Spatts put on four pounds, the profit he had made on a pig that day, upon the same terms, and Sol Sankey wagered a couple of sovereigns. Indeed everybody went for the stranger, but Mr. Johnson didn't care. He took all their bets, and the money was placed in the hands of the landlord to the amount of £24 2s. 6d.

The excitement was so great that the village hardly slept that night. Certainly the participants in the wagers did not. Cloverbury was a sporting village, but such an amount of money had never before been placed on a certainty like this.

"All's gay," declared Mr. Johnson, when his fellow-conspirator crept in to look him up at midnight, and he felt so elated that he readily acquiesced to the other's suggestion that a couple of sovereigns in advance for current expenses would be useful.

It is safe to say that such a crowd had never been seen before on the green at the back of the Worm and Washpot as upon that particular morning. Chief among those at the front were Tom Spatts, Sol Sankey, Alf Hanks, and the others who had got bets on, and all smoking big cigars, and were in such good spirits that they were treating everybody.

"E's got some pluck, any'ow," said somebody who hadn't any money on when Mr. Johnson appeared.

"It's cos he don't know wot's coming," said Alf Hanks.

Both men stripped, and then the exciting moment arrived. Mr. Johnson advanced with confidence and hit out. The next moment he received a tap on the nose that sent him head over heels. He got up furious, and rushed at the other, who quietly knocked him down again.

This was too much. He wanted realism in the fight; he wanted his friend to make a show of a fight, but this was a bit too thick.

He jumped up on his feet, mad with rage, but he got such bangs right and left, with never a chance to get one in for himself, that when "time" was called he could hardly see his way to his corner.

But he was mad with fury, and he would hardly wait till "time" was called again. He wanted to get on with the winning as arranged, but Mr. James seemed to have forgotten himself, for he hit out with horrible monotony; he knocked Mr. Johnson down with sledge-hammer blows, while the latter raged at him wildly, and the spectators hazarded the opinion that Bill Johnson had gone barmy on the crumpeet.

At the end of five minutes Mr. Johnson was carried away on the verge of insanity, his body filled with unbearable pain, his mind laden with rage, furious amazement, and bitter chagrin, and tottering towards madness.

They carried him down the passage past the bar, where the crowd was hurrying to draw its money, and they took him home, where a neighbour was called in to nurse him.

But the extent of his betrayal only reached him later in the day, and it came in the form of a note which he could hardly read because his eyes were nearly closed.

"Dear William," it began, "I forgot to tell you that I really had been a bit of a prize-fighter. I had to get my own back for the hammering you gave me at school. Besides, my wife wouldn't have forgiven me if I'd let you whack me. Never mind, let bygones be bygones. My wife and myself will always be pleased to see you, and there'll always be a knife and fork ready for you.—Yours
JIM."

"P.S.—I forgot to mention I married Mrs. Simmons to-day."

MARY ANN: "There's a gentleman wants to see yer on business."

Master: "Well, ask him to take a chair."

Mary Ann: "He's taking them all, and the table too. He comes from the furniture shop."

NEXT FRIDAY

we publish the opening chapters of

"The House of Rimmon,"

a New Serial by

JOHN K. PROTHERO.

NAMES THAT HAVE RUINED THEIR OWNERS.

DR. C. B. GRAVESTONE, a physician, who was made a bankrupt recently, informed his creditors the other day that he had been ruined by his name.

After a similar fashion an Islington baker named Shortweight was brought to undeserved poverty a couple of months back; while an alien butcher, summoned at the Whitechapel County Court about the same time, attributed his insolvency to the fact of his being named Katzmeit.

At the time when all London was flocking to see Pinero's clever play, *The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith*, a real Mrs. Ebbsmith committed suicide. At the inquest it transpired that certain discreditable passages in the early life of the mythical heroine of the drama coincided with certain passages in the life of the deceased. These coming to the knowledge of her clients—she was a Court dressmaker—her business suffered, and in the end she chose death in preference to facing the ordeal of the bankruptcy court. Needless to say, that the nomenclatory coincidence was altogether fortuitous, so far as Mr. Pinero was concerned.

Perhaps, however, the most wholesale series of instances of ruin brought about through a name occurred during the Boer war, when dozens of people whose surnames chanced to be identical with that of the late president of the now defunct South African Republic, were literally hounded out of house and home by unsympathetic people of ultra-patriotic tendencies.

Thus, in one week, during the height of the war fever, an East End fishmonger named Kruger was forced to abandon a flourishing and lucrative business; a journeyman baker hanged himself, because he could not face the jeers and taunts entailed by his possession of the same unpopular patronymic; while a certain Emily Kruger, a factory worker, was driven insane by her companions' senseless and cruel banter.

MY DEAREST FRIEND.

The dearest friend I ever had

Was not of common clay,

And never worried me, although

I saw him every day.

He was so quiet, never spoke

A word the whole day long;

And if he made a noise, I knew

There must be something wrong.

Though clean (m—yes), I'm certain he

Was innocent of soap,

A wooden-head; yet I from him

Drew inspiration, hope.

Though not bad tempered, in his breast,

Just like some other folk—

A slow consuming fire burned

Which ended but in smoke.

And now he's gone. I cast him off.

"How mean," I hear you say?—

He got so jolly rank I had

To chuck the pipe away!

STOCKS FOR LAW-BREAKERS.

THE plea for the revival of the stocks as a form of punishment, which was recently put forward at the annual meeting of the Exeter Archaeological Society by the Rev. O. J. Reichel, of Exmouth, will sound strange, barbaric almost, in the ears of the younger men and women of the present generation. One thinks of them, somehow, as savouring of mediævalism, and one places them instinctively in the same category, so far as regards their antiquity, with the rack, the whipping-post, and the gibbet.

Yet their disuse is in reality a thing of yesterday, so to speak. So recently as the year 1872, a man named Mark Tuck was placed in the stocks at Newbury for drunkenness and disorderly conduct.

This is the latest recorded instance, but there are plenty of other cases of the infliction of the punishment at somewhat earlier dates. Thus, in 1860, John Gambles, of Staningley, suffered six hours' detention in the stocks at that place for Sunday gambling. And in 1849 Thomas Leah spent the whole of one night in the stocks at Bramhall, Cheshire.

By-the-bye, the Rev. Mr. Reichel spoke as though the unfortunates who were made to suffer in this way were also subject to the ridicule and ill-treatment of the populace, and he even advocated, at all events, by implication, that the village lads should be encouraged to fire peas at them from peashooters. But, as a matter of fact, quite the opposite sort of usage was not infrequently meted out to them in the past.

For instance, two men who were confined in the stocks on a Monday in 1839 at Market Drayton, for being drunk on the previous Sunday morning during divine service, were regaled by a sympathetic crowd with a plentiful supply of beer. A collection, too, was started on their behalf, to which many subscribed. So that, when they were released, after four hours' detention, both their heads and their pockets were considerably heavier than they had been on the previous Sunday.



My Views on Humour.

By G. P. HUNTLEY,
the Popular Comedian.



Y'know, I think humour is a most serious matter. I remember hearing a story of a young and consistently unsuccessful actor who asked one of the stars of his profession whether he advised him to take up comedy or tragedy as his chief line. "My dear young sir," replied the great man, "you must take up tragedy, of course, for with a modicum of luck you may not do much harm to anyone as a tragedian, but for goodness sake avoid comedy, for that is a most serious thing."

After all, humour is merely a matter of taste, and what is one man's meat is frequently another man's poison. To speak from personal experience, you would be surprised how audiences differ in their appreciation of one's efforts. Some nights we all seem to be enjoying ourselves immensely, but on other occasions I notice members of the audience sitting sideways. Now, I simply hate an audience that sits sideways!

What the public really like best is a perfectly natural, everyday sort of humour. They hate anything that is forced and artificial. And really there is a lot of fun knocking about in the world for a comedian to boil down for his own use. Is there anyone you know who has not something comic about him? It may be merely in the way he walks or speaks, it may be in his method of expressing himself, or it may be in the ideas and opinions which he holds.

What a comedian must do to be successful is to take for his model someone whose involuntary humour has impressed him, and to caricature the model's actions in his own.

AMERICANS PICK AND CHOOSE.

There is, of course, a great deal to be said for make up as an aid to the appreciation of wit. But make up is something like the apple sauce which they hand round with roast duckling. If they were to put the apple sauce in the dish and served round little bits of duckling in the sauce-boat, you would feel that you weren't getting much of a meal for your money. In the same way, the comedian who devotes a large part of his attention to his personal appearance and very little to the quality of his jokes is certain to come to an untimely end.

I have been much interested in observing how differently various kinds of humour are appreciated in America and England. In New York, Boston, and one or two other cities English comedians are quite understood and appreciated; but, the farther west you go, the more exaggerated form must humour take if it is to be properly enjoyed.

For instance, while the typical London dude, with his curious idiosyncrasies, is quickly recognised and laughed at by audiences in New York, he is not appreciated at all in the west of the States, unless his characteristics are exaggerated to the extent of dressing him in picturesque bright red socks, trousers turned up almost to the knees, and a collar of the Eiffel Tower description. It is essential, also, that he should carry a nice, fat cane to suck, and he must not object to being called "Sissy," and told that he will get a "slap on the wrist" if he isn't good.

WHY HUMORISTS LOOK SAD.

In England, on the other hand, American humour of every variety is intensely popular all the way along the line, from Land's End to John o' Groat's. It's rather like buying cloth. When an English humorist goes to America, they say to him, "Guess we'll have a yard and a half off that piece of humour. Pass the rest right along somewhere else." But when an American comedian comes over here, we scramble over each other to buy up the whole roll.

There is one respect in which the American comedian shows striking originality, and that is in his dependence. He is constantly on the look out for some new line to take, and, when once he has found it, he goes bang at it.

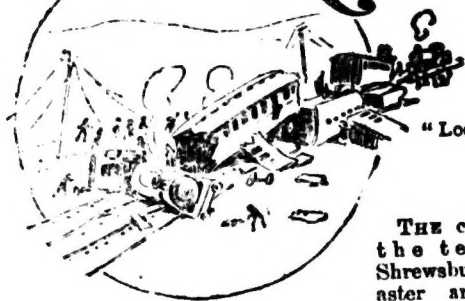
A reference was made not long ago in an American paper to English comedians, in which they were described as "the most pathetic things in life," but no clue was given to show whether this referred to their efforts "on" or "off" the stage. If the perpetrator of this lucid description referred to them when "on" the stage, no doubt he meant what he said as a delicately veiled compliment, which is not apparent at first sight, but which is furtively hanging about somewhere all the same.

If he referred to them when "off" the stage, it is easy to find some excuse for him. A chap who has to spend hours a day saying a lot of funny things, and pulling his face into all sorts of queer shapes, feels the reaction when he takes the war-paint off, and goes about with a worried, grim, funereal expression.

G. P. Huntley

"How to look pretty in the evening!" "Aye, there's the rub," as Hamlet remarked. Get the NOVEMBER ROYAL and the secret is yours.

RAILWAY SMASHES THAT REMAIN MYSTERIES.



By CHARLES S. LAKE,

Author of "The World's Locomotives,"
"Locomotives of 1906," and "The Locomotive
Simply Explained."

THE causes of
the terrible
Shrewsbury dis-
aster are never
likely to be known,

for both the driver and fireman, who apparently absolutely disregarded the signals which were against them, and so dashed on to a dreadful fate, are dead, and so can give the world no explanations. The official reports of the Board of Trade returns are full of the details of mysterious railway smashes. "Absent-minded beggars" have been discovered who, as drivers of the fastest and most important express passenger trains, have disregarded all signals and dashed on, with their human freight behind them, to certain destruction. Signalmen have confessed before the Board of Trade inspector, and alas! before the coroner, too, in many cases, that they had, when giving "line clear" to the oncoming flyer, absolutely overlooked the fact that a slow and heavy goods train was at that moment being shunted off the main line into a siding to make way for the express, which eventually crashed into the heavily-laden trucks with such disastrous results.

The dreadful catastrophe at Grantham, in which an express train ran through an important main line station at which it should have stopped, the signals at the time being against it, and the points set for a branch line is a case in point.

Some few years ago an accident of a most remarkable character happened on the St. John's Wood extension line of the Metropolitan Railway. From the Board of Trade inspector's report it appears that a passenger train, bound for Willesden Green, left Baker Street terminus shortly before 1 p.m. It was preceded by an engine and brake-van, which started some minutes in advance.

RAN BACKWARDS INSTEAD OF FORWARDS.

Whilst in the act of pulling up at the first station out, St. John's Wood Road, the driver of the passenger train observed, to his alarm, the engine and brake-van, which he supposed (if he thought of it at all) to be some distance on ahead, approaching his engine, and a moment later a violent collision occurred.

Inexplicable as it may appear, it is nevertheless the fact that the engine and brake-van had actually run back along the line on which the passenger train was approaching, a distance of over half a mile, without either the driver, fireman, or guard being for a moment aware that they were not proceeding—as they should properly have been—in a forward direction.

When the driver of the engine and brake-van attached arrived, on his outward journey, at Marlborough Road, which is the next station to St. John's Wood Road, he found the signals against him, and was compelled to come to a standstill. It would then appear that for some reason, which did not transpire at the inquiry, he "reversed" his engine so that when the signal was lowered and steam applied the engine, as a matter of course, started off back in the direction from which it had come, and it was not until they saw daylight at the St. John's Wood Road end of the tunnel that either of the three men in charge became aware of what was occurring.

It was then too late to avert a collision, but the effect produced was, happily, minimised by the fact that the passenger train had almost come to a standstill. Had the accident occurred a minute later, the trains would have met in the tunnel (which is for a single line), and the result would then have been appalling.

Another collision, caused by the driver of a locomotive allowing his engine to travel along the wrong line, took place on the Tottenham and Hampstead joint Midland and Great Eastern Railway some few years ago.

TWO MILES ON THE WRONG LINE.

In this case the 1.55 a.m. Midland up workman's train from South Tottenham to Moorgate Street was, soon after leaving Harringay Park Station on the up line, met by Great Eastern tank engine No. 579 with goods brake-van attached, which had come out on to the up line from Tufnell Park goods yard at Junction Road signal-box at 4.55 a.m., and, having to go back to Stratford on the down line, had started off before the points had been set to enable it to cross on to this, its proper, line, and had run for a distance of nearly two miles without either the driver, fireman, or guard finding out that they were on the wrong track.

The collision took place at about 5.3 a.m., and the

five passengers were killed and 125 injured, some seriously and others slightly, must still be fresh in the minds of travellers. The accident took place in the broad light of day, and was caused by the driver, a man of twenty-nine years' experience, totally ignoring signals which were against him.

On the fatal day of the accident Windsor races were being held, and special arrangements were made for the accommodation, in the 1.5 p.m. Slough and Windsor train, for an extra number of passengers. At the last moment, when the train was on the point of starting, a large number of people arrived at Paddington, for whom there was no room, and the train had to be further strengthened by the addition of another carriage, which caused a delay of seven minutes, the train leaving at 1.12 p.m. instead of 1.5 p.m. It arrived at Slough at 1.37 p.m., or eight minutes late.

FORGOT ALL ABOUT THE SIGNALS.

After remaining in the station some four minutes, and when it was just on the point of starting away again, the 1.15 p.m. express from Paddington for Falmouth unexpectedly arrived, and ran into it at a speed of about twenty to thirty miles per hour. The signalman in Slough East cabin was the first to notice the express approaching, apparently at full speed. Realising the danger, and seeing that the train was not going to stop at the home signal, which he had placed at danger, he rushed to the window of his box and waved a red flag to attract the attention of the driver of the express, at the same time shouting to the men on the platform to get the passengers out of the Windsor train. The signalman's shouts were heard on the platform by some of the officials and others, and a large number of passengers were got out of the stationary train before the express engine struck it.

The driver of the latter, when he appeared before the Board of Trade inspector, could give no cogent reason for having disregarded the signals. To quote his own words:

"My mate (the fireman) first drew my attention to the Slough home signal being at danger. I had not noticed it myself till then. I did not feel the least sleepy. I had nothing particular to occupy my thoughts that I am aware of. I cannot remember what was occupying my attention. I can give no explanation as to why I failed to see the signals other than that I seem to have lost myself."

The poor fellow was tried for manslaughter at Reading Assizes before Mr. Justice Lawrence, and was acquitted.

A few years since a fatal accident occurred at Virginia Water, L. and S.W. Railway, which was brought about by a signalman who gave the "line clear" to an approaching train when another was standing on the same line in full view of the signal-box. A passenger train had arrived at the station at about 8.5 a.m., and was not due to leave again until 8.40 a.m. A train consisting of home boxes was booked to arrive at 8.45 a.m., and leave at 8.50 a.m. It arrived nearly twenty-five minutes before its time, and the signalman in charge of "A" signal-box pulled off all the necessary signals to allow this train to pass through the station, admitting (as he did at the official inquiry) that he had forgotten all about the existence of the passenger train standing on the same line alongside the platform.

Hundreds of other incidents might be presented, if that were necessary, after what has been said already, to emphasise what a very important part memory plays in connection with the daily work of the men employed on our railways. Much may be, and is, accomplished by the ingenious appliances which human skill has devised for increasing safety in railway working, but unless a means can be found whereby man's great liability to forget becomes of so little importance as to be reduced to a negligible quantity, we shall always have to reckon upon the risk of accident whenever we travel by rail. All credit to the men of the railway world that serious accidents are relatively so few and far between.

THREE ladies interested in charitable work two or three weeks ago visited a home in London, which has been established for discharged women prisoners. They were shown into a room where two women were sewing.

"Dear me!" one of the visitors whispered, "what vicious-looking creatures! Pray, who are they?"

"This is the sitting-room," blandly answered the superintendent, "and this is my wife and daughter."



The Street Hawker
(Glasgow).

[Samuel Evans, street hawker, might sit for a picture as "Melancholy," and life has indeed been unkind to him. He is a familiar figure in Argyle Street, Glasgow.]

This is not the first time by a long chalk that I have figured as a landmark. For I have been a soldier, and in the Boer war I was a landmark for Mauser rifles over and over again. Fortunately, however, they never hit me; it was a bit of a shell that knocked me out. But I'll tell you about that presently.

I was born at Blackburn, and have been unlucky all my life. The first bit of bad luck was the death of my father, a machine-minder, who got caught in the machinery and was killed on the spot. That meant that instead of going to school I went into a factory at the age of twelve, and went of course, as has always kept me back.

In the factory the men over me treated me so cruelly that I ran away and tramped to Glasgow in the hope of finding an uncle who lived there. I did find him; but he did not exactly fall on my neck with joy when I appeared. He very quickly got me a job in a Sauciehall eating house as a cleaner and plate and bottle-washer.

But my bad luck pursued me. I broke so many plates and dishes, to say nothing of windows, that I soon got the sack. The governor was quite angry about it. He said he liked me, and didn't mind me eating, as if there were no hereafter, but his income was not big enough to pay for my breakages, and so we parted.

HINDERED BY A BIG APPETITE.

After this I got work in the Market eating fruit and other things to and from the station. But I had an unfortunate habit of falling over these and stewing the road with the contents of my bag, and so in the end nobody would employ me.

My next job was hanging about the railway station on the chance of something turning up, and I could have lived without eating, this billet would have suited me down to the ground.

I will not trouble you with details of my life during the next few years, but will come to the point where I joined the Army. I was very hungry, as usual—when one day I heard the strains of a band, and away down Argyle Street came a regiment of soldiers. There and then I made up my mind to be a soldier, went straight off to a recruiting sergeant, and enlisted.

The sergeant told me my appetite would not be any impediment to my speedy promotion, and mentioned some well-known officers who, so he said, had risen from the ranks on account of their big appetites. I found out afterwards he must have meant appetites for work, not food.

I joined the Lancashire Fusiliers, and shall never forget how cocky I felt when I first put the uniform on. I thought my luck had turned at last, and almost for the first time in my life I had enough to eat.

A year or two later war was declared with the Boers, and we were ordered to the front—in Natal.

No doubt, you will have read many accounts of Spion Kop in the papers, but you may like to hear the story of that disaster from one of the Lancashire lads upon whom fell the brunt of the fighting.

We received orders to occupy Spion Kop, and off we went under General Woodgate, a party of Thompson's Natalians leading the way on account of their local knowledge. But when we got within 200 yards or so of the enemy's first line of trenches we took the lead, as we had bayonets.

THE STORY OF SPION KOP.

It was now one o'clock in the morning, and the mist was so thick that we couldn't see a yard before us. Suddenly we heard a shout of alarm, and a scampering of many feet, rushed forward, and found to our surprise, that we had taken the position without losing a man.

This, however, was only one position, and there were many others to be taken, at some of which the Boers fought gallantly. But our lads were not to be denied, and at last General Woodgate was able to signal that Spion Kop was ours.

Then came a terrible time. There was still a most important height to be stormed, and we did it only to find ourselves commanded by the Boers' big guns.

The Boers hoisted a flag of truce, and sent an officer to call upon us to surrender. I myself heard General Woodgate's reply, which was: "Tell your commander that whilst I command this body of men there shall be no surrender."

Soon afterwards the brave General was fatally wounded, and the men had to hold him down to keep him from rushing on the enemy. I can't tell you of the retreat, for a shell splinter knocked me silly.

Well, I was invalided home, and everyone made a fuss of me at first. But that soon fizzled out. So I took to selling things in the very street where I started to be a soldier.

"The Lord of the Jungle" in the NOVEMBER ROYAL is better than a visit to the Zoo. Don't miss it on any account.

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COMING HOLIDAYS, 1907-S.		OCTOBER.	NOVEMBER.	DECEMBER.	1908. JANUARY.	FEBRUARY.	Lighting Up Time for this Week.
Christmas Day	December 25.	M 6 13 20 27 T 7 14 21 28 W 1 8 15 22 29 T 2 9 16 23 30 F 3 10 17 24 31	M 3 10 17 24 T 4 11 18 25 W 5 12 19 26 T 6 13 20 27 F 7 14 21 28	M 1 8 15 22 29 T 2 9 16 23 30 W 3 10 17 24 31 T 4 11 18 25 F 5 12 19 26 S 6 13 20 27	M 5 12 19 26 T 6 13 20 27 W 7 14 21 28 T 8 15 22 29 F 9 16 23 30 S 10 17 24 31	M 2 9 16 23 T 3 10 17 24 W 4 11 18 25 T 5 12 19 26 F 6 13 20 27 S 7 14 21 28	Oct. 25 ... 5-47 " 26 ... 5-45 " 27 ... 5-43 " 28 ... 5-42 " 29 ... 5-40 " 30 ... 5-38 " 31 ... 5-39
Good Friday	April 17.	W 3 9 16 23 30	T 6 13 20 27	W 4 11 18 25	T 5 12 19 26	T 5 12 19 26	
Easter Monday	April 20.	T 3 10 17 24 31	F 7 14 21 28	T 5 12 19 26	F 9 16 23 30	T 6 13 20 27	
Whit Sunday	June 8.	F 4 11 18 25	T 5 12 19 26	F 6 13 20 27	S 10 17 24 31	F 7 14 21 28	
Bath Holiday	August 3.	S 5 12 19 26	S 8 9 16 23 30	S 7 14 21 28	S 4 11 18 25	S 1 8 15 22 29	

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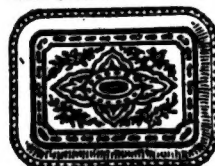
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